

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!—A FAREWELL
WARNING TO CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE Editor of this Magazine spoke a very true and needful word the other day. He said that he was convinced that it would soon be necessary for the Christian Spiritualists to separate from the mass of those who are running in a variety of other directions. I cordially echo that idea. There never, perhaps, was a time when the world was in a greater ferment of opinions on all subjects, religion, politics, morals and philosophy. There is no old land-mark of faith or conviction that is not hotly assailed. Everything, especially that which is old, excites the suspicion that it must necessarily be rotten, and a thousand fiery innovators rush up to it and give it a shake in their turns. Christianity more than anything else incurs the assaults of effervescing heads. Never was the proverb "many men many minds" more universally demonstrated to be a truth when scarcely anything else of the past is permitted that compliment. Men over educated and under educated start off with new fancies and instead of clearing the way at all, only add to the lot of confused lumber that encumbers it. The Physicists object from their point of view to everything but what is thoroughly material; the Secularists aim at the same goal from another starting point. There are as many new theories of mind and morals as there are individuals. Mill and Spencer and Darwin have each their ardent followers, but not more than Holyoake, Bradlaugh and Lewes. Those who do not quite scratch the Deity out of their creed, allow Him very little liberty of action. In their eyes He is very much like the Roman bambino of the Ara Cœli, which though considered divine is but a wooden

doll bandaged with all sorts of wrappers into a fixture of tinsel and finery. Others who condescend to allow Him a little more freedom of volition, seem to have but a sorry opinion of Him. Mr. Voysey, who has a large following, has lately put it in print that "he endeavours to think of God as well as he can."

In the church which is said to be "established" nothing would seem to be established but difference of opinion. There are as many sects in it nearly as there are bees in a hive. Doctrines, ceremonies, dogmas, principles of government and principles of faith, have more variety of advocates in the church which is called established than perhaps have all the swarming sects outside of it. Popery itself, which boasts of its eternal fixedness, has not been able to resist the unfixing spirit of this age. We have old Catholics and new Catholics, Cismon-tanes and Ultramontanes, Fallibles and Infallibles, Jesuits and Anti-Jesuits, Neapolitan or Italian National Catholics, and Hyacinthine or nondescript Catholics.

In natural philosophy the Titans are making *their* war on the modern Olympus. Huxley and Tyndal have found their god in the slime of rivers or the dust of the dry land. The philosophy of man is not likely long to fare any better than the philosophy of Deity. Huxley is now rambling about in Yankee-land propounding that the Baconian method is the stalest trash that ever infested sound brains for so long a period, though it has not yet lasted a seventh part of the time conceded to the Aristotelian. That is another rotten post that till now has been thought as sound as British heart of oak, or the British Constitution. But alas! what *has* become of the British Constitution! Not two men agree about that wonderful inexplicability. Nobody knows what it is, or what it is not. Nobody knows any longer whether England is a Kingdom, a Queendom, or an Empire: whether it has a Queen or an Empress. As to Government by Ministry and Parliament, the most conspicuous fact is that the nation is now protesting most clamorously that it is not governed but mis-governed. And if the Cabinet and Parliament have any conspicuous feature at all, it assuredly is wrong-headedness. As for Parliament, if there be a wrong way it is pretty sure to take it, and in the very last session enacted Vivisection, and for the first time in British history established torture by Act of Parliament. Perhaps Asmodeus in his flight over house-tops has never seen a more wrong-headed Ministry stultifying the British nation since that which lost us America, nor one more stupidly opposed to the public will, though nothing but a vehement outburst of that will has saved the British character from the execration of universal mankind. Meantime, the devil, that adroitest of chess players, has placed the knights on

the board in the most admirable counter-play. Russia the bug-bear of England; the Slavs of Austria; the Greek church of the Roman, each thus checkmating the other, and awaiting some hidden *coup-de-main* which probably will clear the board to the common astonishment.

Perhaps Darwin is right after all; we may be but a better sort of monkey. Monkeys, in fact, have brought the world into a most astounding state of chaos, physical, metaphysical, political, religious and irreligious, literary, æsthetic, and philosophical. And in this condition of eruption and disruption, Spiritualism is not a whit behind the rest of the world. It is smitten with the mania of theoretic novelties. It has declared war on the old ideas without introducing any new ones that look by any means fascinating. Darwin's ancestral monkeys are infinitely preferable to the monsters of Re-incarnation; the prurience of free-loveism, or the silly fallacy of Hafedism. It is high time for we Christians to stand aloof from all the megrims and chimeras, which Dr. Garth Wilkinson reminds us Swedenborg had already forewarned us of, from the breaking loose of the hells and foisting their sulphury legions on the unlucky earth. Long ago the Spiritualists of America divided themselves into Christian and Unchristian. They have lately given us a new example of this necessary division in founding their Philadelphia Association. I take, therefore, the occasion to add a few concluding words to those of my article on this question in this Magazine of September; and I shall say what appears needful to be said with a Quaker and Puritan plainness, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

The opponents and most strenuous decriers of Christianity are, in my opinion, the most shameless of pickpockets. They are eternally filching the property of Jesus Christ. Professing to possess systems of religion and philosophy infinitely superior to His, they impudently steal His axioms and principles, and puff them off as their own. How especially idiotic! Is there anything so familiarly known to all the world as Christianity? To purloin its age-long acknowledged treasures is more absurd than if a man were to steal the weathercock from a church-steeple and carry it to the churchwarden to sell. If men were to wait till they really discovered some system of morals more intrinsically true, and consequently more beneficial to mankind, what heaps of philosophical theories and platforms of ethics we should be spared which undertake to overthrow the inculcations of the Gospel.

No character who has appeared on earth was ever so maltreated during his life as Jesus Christ, or whose bequeathed property has been so plundered since His death. And why?

Because He exposed unsparingly the psychological and intellectual thieves of His time, and carried with Him the greatest amount of precious treasure of any man who ever trod the highways of the earth. He had about Him an immensity of what was worth stealing, and, of course, there never was any lack of audacious thieves ready to pounce on what seemed an unarmed and defenceless traveller, or on men so open-handed and prodigal of their wealth as His executors, the Apostles, and their descendants. Unluckily for the robbers, the mintage of Christ bears the best known and most indelible of impresses. Every one knows His coinage and despises the impostors who declare it a new currency entirely of their own issue and invention.

The swarm of these would-be discoverers of new moral and religious wealth never were so numerous abroad as to-day, but where or when have any of these impudent pretenders produced one original thought, one maxim of life, one ennobling sentiment, or one gem of spiritual beauty that is not already conspicuous in the imperishable treasure-heaps of the everlasting Gospel. You look, and will for ever look in vain for such a miracle. They who cry their wares as something new, or as something found amongst the "lo here's" and "lo there's" of East and West—of this Pagan luminary or that—are quickly discernible as but the vendors of stolen property, or the theologic cut-purses who infest the highways of humanity.

Amongst these religious bandits the Spiritualists are now especially distinguishing themselves. They are continually telling you that they have received from their spirit-guides doctrines vastly superior to those of the great Galilean, but when you come to inspect them, if they do not prove the identical doctrines of the great Master, they turn out something infinitely worse: some garbage of Re-incarnation, Hafedism, or absurdity on a par with the refuse of Joanna Southcote or Joe Smith.

By the by, has it never struck anyone that the bulk of the people who fall into the lime-pits of Re-incarnation come of Roman Catholic races? Nine-tenths of the French and Italian Spiritualists are Re-incarnationists, and this does not seem to me wonderful. They are people in whom the reasoning faculty has been systematically crushed by the priests; people who at the same time have, from their infancy, been drugged with all sorts of legendary and superstitious rubbish, and who, therefore, the moment that they begin to think, naturally lay hold of the first stupidities that present themselves as congenerous novelties. They only pass from one dunghill to another, and, like the cock of Æsop, scratch in hope of a barley-corn, but are totally ignorant

of the value of a diamond. Besides, Re-incarnation is only a sort of addition to the old limbo of Purgatory. It is a scheme of purification, and differs only from the old machinery in that it does not work by fire and brimstone, but by vagabondizing in fresh shapes and places. If they could find priests who, for a trifle, could help them out of this peripatetic purgatory, it would be a fine thing for them, as, according to Anna Blackwell's account, she has been a martyr to her sins ever since she was Semiramis, and has not yet got out of the Satanian fog of the flesh and the devil. The chief Re-incarnationists who are actively endeavouring to propagate this trash in England are of Romish origin, or who have consorted with Romanists long enough to take the infection. That men and women of English breed, people who have come of a race with heads on their shoulders, and who, since the Reformation, have lived away from the Lethean vapours of Roman priestcraft, should fall into such Bedlamism, is one of the most stupendous marvels of this morbid age.

But the act of receiving from spirits, of whom they can know nothing but what they please to tell them, is called by the present tribe of Spiritualists taking a broader basis of belief than the narrow one of Christianity. Broader, truly! But the question is, is it a sounder or safer basis? In the Gospel there is a significant allusion to the sand and the rock as bases on which to build, and the fate of each class of building is prefigured. There was a body of Spiritualists who not long ago started with the brag of the widest possible basis. Their principle was to embrace every possible thing that could claim the paternity of spirits, except Christianity—a notable exception!—and they boast that their thus conglomerating the sound and the unsound, the clean and the unclean, has done much good. How? and where? It certainly has not been evinced by any eminent harmony amongst themselves, nor is it evinced by the estimation in which Spiritualism is held at this moment. The prosecution of Dr. Slade as a trickster and a cheat too conspicuously shows that the public and the scientific still look on Spiritualism but as a new system of jugglery. Could this have been possible at this time of day if Spiritualists had maintained a more upward and dignified course? Had they done that honour to Christian revelation which the early patriarchs of it did, both here and in America, and which the palpable opportunity of confirming its ancient phenomena, and being itself confirmed by them, pointed out as so glorious and humanitarian a course.

If mediums, who had freely received, had continued freely to give, and not to trade on their heaven-conferred gift, no such prosecution as that of Dr. Slade could have been possible. If,

like Mr. Home, they had steadfastly refused to traffic in mediumship, no such suspicion could have been generated. But if mediums could not afford to leave their trades to give *séances* gratis, how then? Why then just let them stick to their tent-making as Paul did, and *séancize* in their leisure hours. Such is the estimation of Spiritualism at this moment in Great Britain in face of any assertion of human means having raised that estimation, that I do not believe any English magistrate or tribunal would decide in favour of a medium however innocent or incapable of trickery. In the meantime if it be good that numbers of those who have set an honourable mark on Spiritualism, both here and in the United States, have stood aside aghast at the ominous career which the movement has opened; if it be good that they who had hoped that Spiritualism would corroborate whatever was pure and wise in Christian knowledge, and confirm all that was supernatural and marvellous in the most accredited histories of the world; if it be good that, instead of this noble development, there has been a continual recommendation of and propagation by lectures and journals of spurious and fungous ideas, so that the movement has rapidly assumed a character of infidelity of heathen taint and texture, of intensified hatred to Christianity; if it be good that a metamorphosis has been wrought from the pure and true to the downward and pandemonian; then the earth must have reversed its moral axis, lost its equilibrium and be fast wandering away into the regions of madnesses and chimeras.

As a proof of how far we are gone in this direction, we are told by an incautious admission on the part of the editor of this Magazine that there is a new Messiah already in the earth amongst us. Not the second advent of the old and genuine one, but a continuation of the many avatars that this incorrigible world has seen. The veil is not yet lifted from this Brummagem saviour, but it is to be, and the sooner the better, that we may take the measure of him, whether it be the Honourable Peebles, T. L. Harris, Bishop Bunnion, the author of *Art Magic*, Hafed himself, or some more astonishing incognito. Could we, however, have a more exact fulfilment of the prophecy of Jesus Christ of the "lo here's" and the "lo there's," or a more sufficient warning, "Go not after them, and be ye not deceived by them." This startling announcement we have on the authority of Mr. Morse; of the very man who first proposed to the so-called British National to scratch out Christianity from its programme—a significant fact!*

It is surely high time to remind Spiritualists that there is an

* *Spiritual Magazine* for September, p. 416.

eternal necessity for sifting the false from the true ; of proving all things but holding fast only that which is good. This necessary analysis and selection of the true from the false has been the saving doctrine and practice of the wise in all ages. From the commencement of time the old enemy has been sowing his tares ; has been busy seeking to mislead men from the real and to impose on them the false and mischievous. Out of this ministry of misguidance and subtle adulteration has sprung all the evils of the earth ; all the base and monstrous idolatries. All evil ambitions, wars, murders, treacheries and cruelties which make horrible the perpetual pathway of history. Had this modern doctrine of embracing all beliefs been accepted as the true policy by God in the early ages, He would not have so continually and severely punished His people for falling into it. But for this He drove out and destroyed the inhabitants of Palestine ; for this He chastised and banished His own elect people, as from time to time they yielded to the seductions of their neighbours who held each and any faith that the spirits from the plague-dens of Hades breathed upon the earth. That has been the battle of all time, and still the infernals are as actively engaged in it as ever, and still the foolish rush as simply into their snares. Our basis, say these new Associations, is to open our arms and ranks to every species of spiritual belief. So did the ancient nations, and perished for it. So did the Israelites over and over, and were as constantly chastised, thrown under the feet of their enemies, hurled out of their native land, and made the scorn and outcasts of the nations. The Americans of Philadelphia have, as already noticed, bravely rejected this broad and in fact limitless basis of association. In vain did a rabid Englishman strive to convert them to this principle of no principle ; they gave another lesson to the English amalgamators, they rejected their ambitious style, and instead of calling themselves the Great National American Association of Spiritualists, which they were not, called themselves honestly just what they were, the Association of Philadelphia. It is cheering to see that in America the plain outlines of truth and spiritual discernment are not yet wiped out by the spiritual sophistries which have been so plentifully preached there.

But, say our modern heathens, your boasted Christianity is but one of many myths which were known in the East ages before it appeared—ages before Christ's advent. Hold a little there, friend Ethnics ; there is another side to that question. Nobody doubts that there have been in all ages in the East, in the West, and elsewhere, beliefs in Christ-like men, such as Krishna in India, Balder in Scandinavia, Mexitli in Mexico ; beliefs in a woman, as the Mexicans called her, " of our own

flesh," who should produce, or as their myths declared, had produced a Divine Son. Beliefs in the old serpent, in the dragon, in Python, and actual crosses were erected here and there, amongst the Indians, the Arabians, the Egyptians. There is one of silver in the British Museum, taken from the mummy of an Egyptian priest. All these things the anti-Christian scribes eagerly laid hold of as proofs that Christianity was a mere borrower and imitator of these things. Further researches have shown all really profound *savans* that these were nothing more than the results of the original prophecies commencing with the human race. They were soon seen to have one common origin, and an origin which lay far beyond the original dispersing of the nations. They issued assuredly not from any local or partial source, but from the primal period, when the seed of the woman was predicted to bruise the serpent's head. The Saviour was promised to come in the fulness of time. All these things were found to be written on the skies by the antediluvian astronomers, and this became the heritage of the Chaldeans, whom all other nations deemed the founders of astronomy. All these signs and figures common to the ancient nations were pointed out by the Chaldean shepherd astronomers in their constellations and schemes of the heavens.

Vallancy, in his *Oriental Collections*, says the plan of pagan religion is the same everywhere, from antediluvian astronomy transmitted through Noah. "A latent, long-overlooked meaning of these names," says the learned author of *Mazzaroth*, "exists in the dialects of the countries in which it is allowed that astronomy had its birth. A most important sanction is thus afforded to the explanation which attributes to the names of astronomy a signification far beyond the idle tales of Indian, Egyptian, Greek and Latin mythology: a signification discoverable by the primitive roots they contain, and connecting them with the prophecies recorded in the Holy Scriptures."

As time went on, the imaginations of the people going out from the birth-lands of the human race, planted these symbols in every Eastern region—Egypt, Assyria, India, &c. As time went still on, the gradually darkening minds of the heathens clothed these astronomical figures and groups as legendary gods, and out of them grew the primal error of Sabeanism and its offspring, a host of idolatries. The Avatars of India generated a world of wild tales; the base brood of Egypt, affiliated on Osiris and Isis, also developed with the bull-headed, dog-headed, hawk-headed monsters of their belief.

To preserve alive the true faith and keep open the way for the true, the one great Saviour whose advent was prefigured in the heavens, God called Abraham out of Chaldea, and gave him,

face to face, the true knowledge. By active and incessant discipline, this knowledge was kept alive in Israel till the Branch, the Son of the Woman really came. Meantime, amid the ever-thickening shades of heathenism, God preserved traces of the original revelations, and sent men gifted with teachings adapted to the condition of different peoples, yet bearing traces of the Divine. For, as St. Paul says, "God never left Himself without a witness in the earth." But the culmination of all these faiths into the perfect day was accomplished only in Jesus Christ, and that not in the ages of myths, as were all these other systems, but in the full blaze of history. A fact, no doubt, providentially ordained, so as to separate fully and distinctly the creations of fable from the cardinal event of human record.

As I observed to a friend the other day, the propagation of the idea of Eastern fables originating Christianity is amongst the recent Spiritualists in a great measure the result of reading Godfrey Higgins's "Anacalypsis," which Mr. Peebles edited in America, and Mr. Burns reprinted in a cheap form in England. For the unlearned many the very word Anacalypsis is enough. It sounds wondrously erudite, and the whole affair is a fresh proof of the truth of Pope's axiom:—

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.

My friend suggested that the writings of John Mill had probably an equal influence, but the works of Mill seem to me to be more in the track of University students, and of men of a wider range of reading than the generality of Modern Spiritualists. Higgins was a man who had dived extensively into Orientalism, but with an inveterate anti-Christian bias, and he thus became like a drunken fellow who thinks he is lugging along his donkey by the bridle, but is really dragging him by the tail. He had got hold of the wrong end of the thing, and all the mob of sparsely-informed Spiritualists incited by him keep pulling away at the donkey's stern. I would recommend those who are following Higgins, and those of his disciples who are constantly writing and lecturing in the Higgins vein, and think they have got hold of a wonderful treasury of Oriental knowledge, but are only hauling at Teddy's tail, to read a somewhat recent work called *Mazzaroth, or the Constellations*. It is the work of a lady, a profound Orientalist, who spent a long life in the study of astronomy, and in the elucidating of its ancient figures in the constellations and Zodiacs. To qualify herself for her work she not only made herself mistress of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, but of the Oriental languages, sciences and literature: collecting from all eminent Orientalists, and indeed, from all possible sources, the great facts on this subject. She cuts down at once

all the vast pretensions of immense ages of the human race before the Biblical period. She shows that the tables of the Zodiac inscribed on the temples of Dendera and Esneh in Egypt, including the planisphere of Dendera, and the so-called Long Zodiac, all inexorably restrict the period of ancient astronomy to about 4,000 years before Christ. They all, Assyrian, Bactrian, Arabian, Persian, Mexican, Egyptian, Indian and Chinese, agree exactly with the modern ones, and are confessedly derived from the original Chaldean. In all these the sun in the summer solstice is betwixt Leo and the Virgin, and in the winter solstice in Pisces approaching Aquarius. These places determine positively the period of the commencement of astronomy, which was naturally the first science of the human race; the starry heavens in the clear skies of Central Asia immediately arresting their attention and admiration. The Greeks, a comparatively modern nation, confessedly derived their astronomy from the Egyptians or Phœnicians; the Egyptians and neighbouring nations from the Chaldean. All nations acknowledged the Chaldeans to be the originators of astronomy. Josephus says that all tradition attributed the origin of astronomy to Thoth of the Egyptians, universally believed to be Seth of the Hebrews. The authoress of *Mazzaroth* obtained seven Indian Zodiacs, and found that they all agreed with the Egyptian, not one of them older than Abraham, and evidently of Chaldean origin. Thus the pretentious fables of India and Egypt of a vast chronology beyond the Mosaic period fall to the ground. Astronomy is universally admitted to have long preceded history, and the astronomy of every ancient nation fixes the rise of that science about 6,000 years ago, or in full accordance with the chronology of Moses.

The anti-Christian scientists, and especially the French, have pretended that geologic data carried the peopled period of the earth higher. The sands of the Delta, they say, show a far higher period; but French authorities themselves contradict this assertion in the most exact manner. The French scientific men who accompanied Buonaparte believed they had ascertained that the depth of the silt, or deposit of the inundations of the Nile, showed that that river had flowed rather less than 6,000 years. Beneath that deposit is the sand of the neighbouring Desert, and beneath that again marine formations. (*See Denon's Egypt.*) Wilkinson and Newbold, says the author of *Mazzaroth*, seem to have assigned a greater depth to the deposits of the inundations; but Hugh Miller, in his *Testimony of the Rocks*, says this chronology is in "legitimate connection with the recent introduction of the human race." "All chronologists," adds the author of *Mazzaroth*, "seem now agreed that there are no earlier traces of mankind."

Starting from this point, the first astronomers, the antediluvian patriarchs, in their pious zeal wrote, as it were, the primeval prophecies delivered to Adam on the skies. They had no other books, and they made a great volume, glorious and indestructible, of the heavens, and attached to the constellations and their decans for ever the great and world-momentous truths of the promise of a Saviour to come in the fulness of time, that is, in such a time as history being fully and firmly established on the earth should no more be confounded with fable. The great serpent who had deceived the woman was figured in the constellation now corrupted into the Scorpion, the most magnificent constellation, as I can personally testify, of the southern hemisphere. Therefore, they also fixed the Virgin with the branch in the Zodiac, or with the ear of corn in her hand, the emblem of production, and the great Branch which should bruise the serpent's head, but received a wound from him in the heel. These figures have been found in all nations fixed in the heavens, or rather by the names attached to the Zodiac and the constellations, than by traceable and full-definement of these figures. Hence Orion, one of the most splendid constellations, visible in both hemispheres, is made one of the most distinguished types of the coming vanquisher of the serpent, and is seen with his foot on the ancient spheres, on the head of the serpent, but lifting it as if wounded; his name according to the root of the word, meaning "He who cometh."

So in all astronomies these figures abound: the Virgin with the Child in her arm, in India, China, Egypt. Krishna said to be born of a virgin, and of whose similarity of name to Christ the sceptics have made so much capital, though they have no connection whatever,—Christ meaning anointed, Krishna coming from Chres, the sun. So in all mythologies we have infant gods strangling serpents; as Apollo and Hercules. Thor in the North, bruising the head of a serpent with his hammer. The same legend in the Zendavesta and the Vedas. In fact, as Sir John Herschell says, "These serpents are scribbled over all the ancient heavens. Everywhere the prognostications of a great Saviour accorded with the prophecies of the Hebrew books, and this Saviour came not like the other pretended ones in far-off mythic ages, but in the full blaze of history. In vain, therefore have infidels in all ages endeavoured by subtle sophistries to overturn these clear oracles of the skies; and the works of the greatest Orientalists abound with the most complete refutations of these attempts. Even the French infidels, says the author of *Mazzaroth*, while attacking Christianity—as Volney and Dupuis in his *Origine des Cultes*—have done much to establish the explanations that refute their inferences.

Nothing is clearer than that all these myths originate in the primeval astronomy. That the Buddhas and Krishnas did not rise originally from India. They had a common origin with all the other predictions of the Saviour in the first ages, but which had become distorted by time and Pagan ignorance. Zoroaster, as we find in the Zendavesta, as it is supposed about the time of Daniel, was more distinctly prophetic, and warned his followers that a star would appear at the birth of the true Saviour, and ordered the Magi to follow it and adore Him. The day of all these misread astronomical legends is over. The very natives of India are beginning to abandon them, and we come to the conclusion of the late Abbé Huc in his last great work, *Christianity in China, Tartary and Thibet*, that the philosophy of Confucius, the traditions of Buddha, and the legends of the *Vedas*, with the dogmas of Mahomet, are all destined shortly to wane before the gospel of Christ.

In any case it is high time for Christian Spiritualists to bear a decided testimony to the truth, in opposition to the mere dicta of unknown spirits, which are being now so readily and widely received as articles of undoubted verity. It is high time to cry, "To your tents, O Israel! Come out from among the heathen; be ye not of them; be ye separate." To separate the wheat from the chaff, the clean from the unclean, is a principle of eternal necessity, acknowledged from the foundation of all things. Let no one deceive you by the sophistry of a false liberalism. True liberalism consists in tolerating the opinions of others, not in countenancing them whatever they may be. True liberalism thinks and lets think, but jealously guards what it knows to be true from what is spurious. Indiscriminate acceptance and sanction of all and anything is but spiritual prostitution, and can only lead to mongrelism and mulism. The modern doctrine of Wallace and Darwin, so far as selection goes, is good and sound, and is of equal value in the moral as the physical. The Philadelphians are wisely acting on this; let us wisely act on it too.

Now that the public interest is so rapidly manifesting itself regarding Spiritualism, as has been just evidenced at the British Association, it becomes of tenfold importance that inquirers should at least find in it something that is pure and sound. But unfortunately, as I predicted when men began to *improve* it by their own active schemes, by combinations and associations, it is now fast running a downward career. No one can avoid seeing this who turns his eyes backward to what it was before. Then the predominant character of it was Christian, now it is every day more and more Pagan. Then in America, such men as Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Adin Balou, Drs. Gray,

Childe, and Newton, with many others, distinguished for their Christian faith and spirit, led its legions. Then in England, the Wilkinsons, Croslands, Reimers, Acworths, Drs. Elliotson, Ashburner, Doherty, Mrs. Milner Gibson, the Trollopes, honest Jacob Dixon, Shorter, Leighton, and a host of others, gave to the movement a decided stamp of enlightened Christian dignity and honour.

In Germany the brave-hearted and learned Dr. Justinus Kerner was doing wonders for it by his writings; the equally brave Hornung was developing and recording its facts and phenomena. In France Pierart in the *Revue Spiritualiste* was fighting a battle of truth against all the hosts of Re-incarnation, Fusionism, and Romish Bigotry. Now, indeed, Spiritualists continue to resent indignantly the application to them of the prophecy in the 4th of Timothy, that "The spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." But is it not true? Can any man who knows anything of Spiritualism deny it? If any man does I refer him to the journals of Spiritualism themselves. So far from denying the abundance of lying spirits and lying mediums, these journals are continually complaining of this infestation. Did not lying spirits and lying mediums entrap even the practical experience and sober caution of our admirable friend, Dale Owen? Is not the most zealous propagandism of infidelity by journalists and lecturers carried on everywhere? Are not Infidelity, Re-incarnation, Free-loveism, and Hafedism the most prominent features of the present movement?

And here one word more on Hafedism. HAFEDISM IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF MANICHÆISM. The Manichæans, the most detestable sect of the Gnostics, arose in the third century. Manes, their founder and apostle, though not a worshipper of idols, being, says the Roman historian, "deeply impressed with the dogma of the progress of the human mind," could not submit to anything so stationary as the doctrines of Christ. He therefore composed a new religion by compounding fragments from the Scriptures, the Greek philosophers, and the Buddhist sacred literature. He published this theologic jumble in four books, termed the "Evangel," the "Chapters," the "Mysteries," and the "Treasures." Many unwary people read these as Christian books, just as unwary people have read *Hafed* and imagined it gospel. Rejected by the Christian Church, he managed however to propagate his doctrines in India, Egypt, China and Thibet. One of his disciples after his death assumed his name and presented himself in Persia as "an apostle of Jesus Christ." He preached that God did not create Satan, nor

demons, nor evil men; that the God of the Old Testament was not the God of the New; that the evil principle in fact made the world. He chose twelve apostles, who took the names of the real ones; and his scribes wrote epistles which the unwary again took for the genuine ones. He adopted the Persian doctrines of the two antagonistic principles that every man had two souls, and after death transmigrated into other men, and even into plants and animals.

Mark the perfect parallel betwixt Manes and Hafed. The gospel of Manes was a mere parody of that of Christ; so is Hafed's. It was a compound of the Gospel and of heathenism. Persia was its scene of action, as is Hafed's, and it operated over Egypt, India and Thibet. Like Hafed, the Manichæans drew their dogmas from Pagan priests. For Manes write Hafed and the identity is perfect. We have this sorry jumble imported from Persia again, and probably the identical heresiarch Manes under the cognomon of the so-called Persian Prince.

Finally then, Christianity has freed us from heathenism with all its absurdities, obscurities, and barbarousness; it has raised the world, badly as it has been obeyed, into a wonderfully higher condition of intelligence and civilization. I for one am resolved never to return to heathenism. I know as well as St. Paul did that we are not fighting with shadows but with principalities and powers, and the spirit of wickedness in high places. We are fighting with the hosts of the old Pagan spirits escaped from Hades as Swedenborg warned us, who are furiously striving to renew their ancient status on the earth. But if Spiritualism, instead of combatting the spirit of infidelity, is to become the agent of its growth, I am for none of it. If Spiritualism can only be accepted by the sacrifice of the Gospel, I say, "No! vile thing, avaunt!" For more than twenty years I have stood forward prominently to defend Spiritualism from enemies on all sides, from quarterlies and monthlies, and newspapers of all grades; as may be seen in the many volumes of the *Yorkshire Telegraph*, the *British Telegraph*, the *Spiritual Magazine*, the *Revue Spiritualiste*, the *Morning Post*, *Morning Star*, &c., &c., and against clerical and other writers. In my early zeal I especially defended it against charges of infidelism and demon inspiration; and now, there is not a taint which I stoutly repudiated which the Spiritualists have not merely contracted, but have embraced and gloried in! Enough! Let the Christian Spiritualists stand apart. Let them keep their garments unspotted from the spiritual plague, and keep their banner flying boldly on the ramparts of Divine Truth. In the world at large, amid the fermenting elements of unbelief and false doctrine, there never existed a more bold, brave, learned and enlightened

championship of truth and right reason. Every disease, moral as well as physical, must run its course. There is yet in the world, and we will trust in Spiritualism, sufficient leaven in the mass to leaven the whole lump of humanity with faith founded on the authorities of prophecy and innate nobleness. May God, who brought light and order out of darkness and chaos, bring the same elements of beauty and happiness out of the present chaos of mind, and conduct the undoubted verity of Spiritualism to that glorious issue which He evidently intended for it, and which its earlier leaders so firmly believed in!

LADY GUION, MYSTIC AND SPIRITUALIST.

II.

"The Literal Sense of the Word must pass into a shade, as it were, before the Internal Sense can appear; even as the earthly body must die, before man can clearly behold the spiritual things of Heaven."—*E. Swedenborg*.

"In the sphere of spiritual contemplation, no personality abides but the ever-becoming personality of God, conceived by faith, and born of faith, in the individual soul."—*F. H. Hedge*.

IN proceeding to speak of Lady Guion's twenty-volume revelation of the Internal Sense of the Hebrew Scriptures we may with advantage pause a moment to look at what is perhaps the most extraordinary passage in all Swedenborg's biblical writings. It commences in No. 7,230 of the *Adversaria*; there after *this* exposition of the Internal Sense of the Word had been spread over a space now occupying two thousand three hundred and fifty-six octavo pages of Latin, the man's course is arrested by the verse, "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." (Numbers xii. 3.) "This does not apply to Moses," says Swedenborg, "for he, as is evident, from his antecedents, was anything but 'very meek' neither could such a passage have been written by Moses himself Another person has inserted it, in the same manner as the words 'till this day' and the statements in praise of Moses after his death have been interpolated." Swedenborg is strengthened in this opinion by the words elsewhere;—"that man Moses." "No one speaks thus of himself," says he, "neither was it written by an angel as the sequence proves." What then is Swedenborg's theory of the matter? It is that the lost books of Moses were re-discovered in Ezra's time and read before the people, the priests "adding these words by way of explanation, for they idolized Moses." In

the very next paragraph Swedenborg reverses his judgment—says that the verse *was* written by Moses, who, when he laid his hand upon the paper, did not know what he was about to write; that an angel *dictated* words to him, many of which were not understood by him; and that hence one may conclude (*inde concludi potest*) “that these *are* the words of Moses but that they are words dictated by an angel and that *Messiah* is meant.”

Here then, in a single page, and at the most critical period in Swedenborg’s career, Colensoism is practised as a justifiable thing where a higher principle of textual production is not seen; mediumistic writing is defended and ascribed to a portion of the Scriptures themselves; such a theory concerning Divine Providence is avowed as justifies these apparent inconsistencies; and, finally, the ground of satisfactory reconciliation is discovered to be in the *inner, higher mind*;—this having its normal activity only in the light of the Spiritual Sun of the Soul, and dealing only with matters pertaining to spiritual religion, for spiritual uses in “the kingdom of heaven within.”

It was in this light that Lady Guion, like Swedenborg, perceived those interior truths of which the written Word is an outward, educative, upguiding symbol. The perception was according to state;—the control and dictation according to Divine Providence, *if we may take this noble lady’s word*. “When I began to read the Holy Scripture,” says she, “it was given to me to write the passage I read, and instantly thereon its explication. Whilst writing the passage I had not the least thought of the explication, but immediately that it was written I was impelled to explain it, writing with inconceivable swiftness. Before I wrote I knew not what I was going to write, and I saw that I was writing things that I had never known; I was illumined to see that I had in me treasures of wisdom and knowledge I had not even known of. Had I written? I remembered nothing whatever of what I had penned, and neither the ideas nor figures remained to me.”* She assures us that she had no other book but the Bible and never made use of any but that. “When, in writing upon the Old Testament, I made use of passages from the New to support what I had said, it was without seeking for them; they were given me along with the explication.”

Taking, as an example of this method of interpretation, Lady Guion’s “mystical sense” of the first chapter of Genesis, we learn that the Mosaic narrative of the creation is a *figure* of the regeneration of the soul sunk in the nothingness of sin.

* *Vide* Preface (p. 3.) to Duncan’s admirable one-volume translation of her *Mystical Sense of the Five Books of Moses*, recently published by JOHN THOMSON, 39, John Street, Glasgow. (Price 6s.)

It involves the re-creation of both spirit and body—the *heaven* and *earth* of Man—the miracle of renovation being wrought by Jesus, the WORD OF GOD. The state of sin is mere appearance as contrasted with divine realities. All is so enveloped in darkness, that the poor soul knows not what to do. Nevertheless the Spirit of God does not cease to move over the waters. Grace rests over tears of penitence and is diffused around in spite of the darkness of ignorance and the frightful vacuity of all good: and so the sinner, at length “takes a thought and mends,” as Burns would say; and then the bountiful spirit, seeing the grief of this ignorant sinner, sends into the midst of his darkness a ray of His light, and he begins to comprehend that the Word is Power. It is speech and it is light: “for created light is the expression of the Uncreated Word;” and, shed abroad here, in the sinner’s mind, discovers the place it leaves, “the ray manifesting itself, and at the same time the abode of its original.” Light is thus separated from darkness, for Faith, the gift of God, takes possession of a soul: there is “evening” with its state of death, extinction and stripping; and there is “morning”—the interior life quickened into brightness and splendour.

The days of penitence passed, God makes a *firmament* in the midst of the waters,—“as much as to say: Let the course of these tears now be stopped; let the heart and spirit be made firm, and let these first tendernesses be separated from the waters, which, although holy, are nevertheless procured by the *sensible*. Let these waters be divided from those of my grace, so that they may be pure and without mixture.” The waters “above” the firmament are those of grace; those of bitterness and grief are “under,” and thus the interior Christian’s alternations of consolation and sorrow constitute his *second* spiritual day.

Through the Divine mercy the waters of sadness next retire within restricted limits and the “dry land appears;”—the soul beginning to enter into new regions of *heavenliness* realizes that there is also now a spiritual *aridity* in contrast therewith, and that this dryness is “more difficult to bear than the waters of bitterness; for these waters, which before covered all the earth, were hitherto mingled with sweetness.” The *bitter-sweet* ceases when “man begins to enter into the knowledge of himself and of the baseness and vileness of his origin;” there is the aridity now, and this, quickened by God, puts forth its *green herbs*—“feeble actions and little things.” The evolution of *trees* follows; “heroic virtues which bear within themselves the *seed* of an infinity of other virtues,” “God performs His perfect works only upon nothingness, which does not resist Him;”—another stage of ascension towards that state is now reached; it is the *third* day of spiritual growth.

The Eternal Sun—the light of faith—becomes visible on the *fourth* day. Other lesser lights also become visible when this Eternal Sun is sunk beneath the spirit-horizon; there are visions, illustrations, and phenomena perceived in our “night of ignorance.” Not that these are altogether misleading, for “they come from God, and being the effects of His goodness and power,” ought to be accepted with reverence and humility: but, as Lady Guion warningly adds; “We are so blind that we prefer generally the light of the night to that of the day, and whilst amusing ourselves too much discerning *the stars of the firmament*—that is to say, the distinct lights, these visions, illustrations and ecstasies—we do not go beyond them to lose ourselves in the general light of faith;” and, “if the soul is not instructed as to the difference between these two lights, it stops at the latter even unto death, and never enters into the open day of faith, where truth is manifested without error or deceit.” It is through electing to dwell wholly in the night that spiritual deception becomes the inevitable. “Man is a little world, in whom, everything done in the great universe is expressed as in epitome; but the reason we do not perceive this fact is, that we are not wholly penetrated with the light of Truth:” still further progress then has yet to be made, ere Beulah is won.

Provided we do not waste our time regarding the light itself, but make use of it to view the objects discovered by its means, the soul realizes a new degree. “God gives us this light only to make us hasten to Him by the way it opens for us.” There are now seen, not only “luminous graces,” but also “vivified waters.” The “bitter” are made alive. The soul feels it is good for it to have been afflicted. The martyr-spirit has to joy in the thought that it lives in a martyr-age. The “sweetnesses” meanwhile continue in a state of animation; “they are vivifying flowings bringing into the soul a living principle,” and the soul now feels itself “animated by a secret and profound life, which does not leave it for a moment, even in its employments;—this life is no other than Charity.” It produces in the soul a germ of immortality; and constitutes the “foundation of life and grace, and of the complete and intimate presence of God.” The fishes and living animals of the waters symbolize this new stage of development in the life “hidden with Christ in God,” and the “birds which now fly in the consecrated airs of Divinity,” are the high thoughts which come and go,—“sublime and elevated conceptions; but they pass so quickly and stay so short, that they leave no trace behind.” Yet are they not wholly shadowy inutilities: “when the necessity arises that we must speak, or write, or otherwise make use of them,—then we see

that we possess them." God bids these living creatures *increase* and *multiply*: this they do to infinity, but "not according to the cognizance of the possessor; for they are either shut up and hid in the waters, or lost in the air, and so high up in the supreme part that they are completely lost to sight from the lowest." This is the beginning and consummation of the *fifth* degree of the interior Christian.

"Nothing has passed in the universal world but takes place within man in particular, so that the conduct God has exercised in this great universe, in its creation, is still observed towards man for his reformation into the order of grace; and, all that took place, in the innocence of nature, before the creation of man, who corrupted it, passes within the same man, to reinstate him, by the means of grace, into an innocence abundantly restored by his Redeemer:" a *sixth* day of creation then has to be. When the soul is lost as it were in a sea of life—is in a "perfect disengagement from everything material and earthly—it is greatly astonished to see being born from its earth *animals of every kind*, who crowd round its feet, and appropriate the beautiful verdures with which it has been decked." Poor, crucified, spurned human nature is restored to us sweetened and saintly as the indwelling spirit. *What the Lord hath cleansed, call not that impure!* "God, out of His infinite goodness, uses the rebellion of the flesh against the spirit to render subject to Him the spirit [itself], which has no sooner entered into perfect submission to its God, than the flesh is made subject also. *God saw that this was good*, it being of infinite use to man in order to annihilate, humiliate and destroy him," as to the old Adam of his nature: this effected the end of creation is accomplished;—"to make images of the Word in all men." God creates man, "the end of all the rest, *but he having no end save God.*" The New Creation is spiritual; it is redemption by the Word-God Jesus Christ. "For it is the Word-God alone that can retrace Himself, and it was for that He was made man. Just as we see that when a mirror has lost the object it reflected, the distant object must needs approach it, without which it could never be represented; so Jesus Christ comes into man, that man, never more losing this Divine object, should no longer lose the image and character of the Divinity. I know that the image of God is graven so deeply in man that he can never lose it, although sin may cover it, and infinitely disfigure and sully it; and it is this that causes God's sorrow for the loss of men and which renders Him so desirous of their salvation. All that is wrought in the soul is but to discover and renew this image; and its restoration is no sooner achieved than man is replaced in his state of innocence." On the *seventh* day God

completed the work which He had made. "It was the work of the perfect image of His Word, after which *He rests* in Himself, and causes the soul to rest in Him, where it remains hid with Jesus Christ, its divine original." "Absorbing the soul into Himself—into His divine life, where there is nothing but repose." God blesses the seventh day; "the work is finished as to the agitation which carried it to its termination; but not as to the activity of enjoyment, which is continued in the repose, and which will endure eternally." *Dwelling in love is dwelling in God.*

Such then is the spiritual kind of knowledge Lady Guion found in the Bible as a symbol. Its whole history consists of beautiful figures—each an angel's lesson. But she also discerns a nobler fact than even any that this angel-lore reveals as the outcome of "explication;" and it is that "besides all these beautiful figures to conduct us into the interior, Jesus Christ has come himself to show us a real and a sure road. It is no longer mysterious and admirable figures; it is a living model, it is the words of truth. Jesus Christ is the *way* by which we must walk; he is the *Truth* that instructs us; the *Life* that animates us. He has given us in reality what our ancient fathers had but in figure:" that gift His Spirit—not a dogma but a life of spontaneous obedience to the inner motions of the supreme Love.

Transcendental, fragmentary and vague then are this woman's utterances under the Divine quickening. Sharing the common lot of literature, to be *not* without imperfections, her "Heavenly Secrets" nevertheless have the rare merit of arising *in* and of conducting *to*, a point so far within the spiritual mind that the merely arithmetical understanding can find no place of vantage ground for doctrinal prowess there. It is the outflow of Woman's Word; affection ensouls each sentence, and "Holiness to the Lord" is the signature of each page. Thus if it lacks the marvellous continuity and sharp finish of Swedenborg's systematic *Arcana Cœlestia*, yet through the absence of the very principle whereby his Cartesianism is rendered so definite and exact, hers is made more potent for inspiration. The completeness of her thought involves infinity and refuses so to be limited as that mere doctrinalists shall fight with it; while the precision of *his* every statement makes the aggregate a thought-sphere wherein Faith may indeed enjoy life-long delight in seeing God in the splendours of His Wisdom, but where also the sectarian spirit may only too easily find, ready shaped to his hand, the material for strengthening the bulwarks of bigotry.

There is the perfume of a fair rose-garden yonder, and here is the fruit of a magnificent orchard; he is a dunce who would banish either from God's creation that the other might be

possessed alone; but worse even than the dunce would be the man who to favour his own egotism, should abuse the virtues of this gift or of that, by degrading it into a poisonous re-agent against the other. "If any man have not the *Spirit of Christ*, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9).

The theological writings of the mediæval and early Christian periods abound in Scripture allegorizations, St. Paul's example (Gal. iv. 24) and that of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews having from the first century encouraged the practice. The theory laid down by Saint Bonaventure and favoured by Dante is defined by the former in the following words: "Although the light of the Holy Scripture is *one* in a literal point of view it is nevertheless *threefold* from a mystical and spiritual standpoint. For all the sacred books contain, not only the literal sense represented by the words, but also a threefold spiritual sense which manifests itself beneath the letter, namely; the *Allegorical*, where one discovers what should be believed in regard to God and Humanity; the *Moral*, wherein one learns how rightly to live; and finally, the *Analogical*, in which are discerned the laws according to which man is conjoined to God. The instructions of sacred writers may thus be resolved into three fundamentals; the eternal generation and the incarnation of the Word; the rules of life; and the union of the Soul to God. The first concerns *Faith*; the second has relation to *Virtue*; the third involves *Beatitude*, which is the end of each and all. The first is the special study of the doctors; the second of the preachers; the third, that of the meditative."* Of this class was Lady Guion, to whose eventful life we now return.

Madame de Maintenon, the King's mistress, was at the time of Lady Guion's release from confinement, a reputed *dévot*e, and held the spiritual concerns of Louis XIV., under her own so-called "pious care." She was led to enquire into the character of this "meditative" Quietism and to peruse the treatises and comments; thus in a little time the subject of the book on Prayer became a topic of common conversation at Court. Mysticism, political patronage and the latest scandal occupied then the one page of "fashionable intelligence," thus it is nowise strange that the Catholic missionary should not only be set at liberty but should also be invited to Court. The hope was entertained that a better understanding might *here* be had of what really was involved in this new philosophy of Inner Perceiving, Waiting and Enjoying. "In Paris," says Vaughan, "mystical terminology became the fashionable language,—it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and *roués*—it melted from

* Ozanam; *Dante et la Phil. Cath.* 452.

the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about Mysticism; Atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the *salon* of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious Romanticism.”*

It was now that Lady Guion became acquainted with Fenelon, and when the reaction against the woman and her views set in at Court (which was in a very little time), he was moved to take up her defence. Bossuet disliked the man on account of his Liberalism. An opportunity now offered itself for degrading a priest high in the people's esteem, so Bossuet denounced Fenelon to the King as a “heretic,” and he was banished the Court. Malicious charges were also raised against Lady Guion; rumours the most scandalous were set in circulation. She was disowned by the monarch's concubine; was brought time after time to trial for heterodoxy; was forced into a convent under Bossuet's surveillance; her writings were officially condemned, and she at length was sent to the prisons of Vincennes.

After four years' solitary confinement in the dungeons of the Bastille, Lady Guion again recovered her liberty, and retired to the City of Blois. “There,” says Vaughan, “she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands; as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717. Bossuet had departed and Fenelon; and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.”

The complete edition of her works in French, including her lengthy *Autobiography*, extends over forty volumes, five of these comprising her *Letters on the Interior Life*. The *Autobiography* has appeared in at least three English translations, all somewhat abridged, and one of them by her warm admirer, the Rev. John Wesley. An American writer, T. C. Upham, has published a two-volume account of her *Life and Religious Opinions*; and R. A. Vaughan, in the *British Quarterly* and in his *Hours with the Mystics*, has given many interesting par-

* *British Quarterly Review*, No. xxxiv.

ticulars respecting her. Upham's work (cold and measured) is the least satisfactory although the most pretentious, in aiming at a rehabilitation of this woman for our own times. He will not sufficiently see that in virtue of psychological* and biblical discovery the nineteenth century is so far in advance of the eighteenth that it finds one-idea'd-ness an absurdity where it is not an impossibility, and that many of the convictions whereon the enthusiastic Mystic of those days depended for inspiration and faith are to an age of criticism necessarily mere matters of opinion and cannot henceforth be more. In our own time the crowning advantage of the Mystics is that, collectively, they demonstrate the actuality and normal workings of the interior planes of mind, and the possibility of a Christianity in the *Affirmative Principle*—this having its place there. In this respect the Revelings of Lady Guion, like those of Behmen, Bourignon, Freher, Law and several others, are of inestimable worth. It is here that the lives and writings of the whole Quietist school are of genuine utility. "Words that come from the Life will go to the Life and raise up that which is pure in one another; and so you will have Unity with that which is pure," wrote the Primitive Quaker, Farnsworth. "Waiting in the Light," said George Fox, "you will receive the Power of God which is the Gospel of Peace." This Life is felt; this Unity is known; this Power is realized and this Gospel of Peace is perceived in the *Affirmative Principle*. The chief merit of Quietism is that it demonstrates this plane of intellectual existence and becomes, as an earlier phase of Mysticism, a way out of the Positivism and Scepticism so common around. As such we may fairly encourage it. But if we regard it as a mere excitement to sentimental maundering, or as a provocative chiefly after a nature-crucifying idealism, disheartening by its remoteness from the homely simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount, we do Truth no trifling injustice. Lady Guion sings:—

Life with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur—
Comes the night, and sets me free.

A Swedenborg would condemn such world-cowardice altogether: he shows that if we sink the citizen to make the saint, we sin against God *and* the neighbour. We must make our character through working in the world; not by sighing for night that we may the better get out of it.

* See for instance how Mr. Grimley, in his *Tremadoc Sermons*, brings the Doctrine of "Unconscious Cerebration" to bear upon the mysteries of the Popish "stigmata" (p. 283).

So again with regard to nature she sings:—

Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer ;
 Meads crowned with flowers ; streams musical and clear,
 Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs join
 Their artless charms, to make the scene divine !
 The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain
 That seems a rolling sea of golden grain :
 All, all have lost the charms they once possessed ;
 An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast.

Why a Harris would show you could better know the "infant God within the breast" by serene work and worship in such a sphere of innocence and beauty ! To Lady Guion it provoked dyspepsia and one of those head-aches so frequent with her ; to Harris it would inspire a sky-lark song of thanksgiving or a lyric of the Golden Age.

John Wesley in the midst of his laudations about her has these remarks : " 'Tis true Madam Guion wrote many volumes upon the Scriptures ; but she then read them, not to learn but to teach. And therein was hurried on by the rapid stream of her over-flowing imagination. Hence arose that capital mistake which runs through all her writings : That God never does, never can purify a soul, but by inward or outward suffering. Utterly false ! Never was there a more purified soul than the Apostle John. And which of the Apostles suffered less ? Yea, or of all the primitive Christians ? Therefore all she says on this head of '*darkness, desertion, privation,*' and the like is fundamentally wrong." In these brave words of the practical common-sense John Wesley the secret of the weakness of Quietism is revealed, for this will persist in looking with comminatory eye upon a John Milton, a Sidney Smith and a Jean Paul Richter. Its principle is "Asceticism without Sin, but no Nathanaels !"

RICHARD MC CULLY.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

FATHER ! we lift our hearts to Thee
 In humble penitence and prayer ;
 Our secret sins Thine eye can see,
 Yet are we still Thy constant care.
 Thy children Thou dost ne'er forsake,
 Thy love our every need supplies ;
 The bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
 The contrite heart wilt not despise.

In dread temptation's evil hour,
 When pitfalls strew our darkened way,
 Uphold us with Thy mighty power,
 Be Thou our Saviour and our stay !
 A fiery pillar in the night,
 To guide our wayward wandering feet,
 So shall our steps be led aright,
 Though snares on every hand we meet.

We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 We pray for strength in days to come ;
 Though clouds the sky may overcast,
 Beyond is our Eternal Home.

T. S.

A COLLIER'S VISION.

[The following interesting experience occurred to the writer, Joseph Skipsey, a man in a humble sphere of life but thoroughly reliable, and who is known as the author of several poems of considerable merit. The account was written by himself, and addressed to a well known Manchester Spiritualist. It has been forwarded to us by our valued contributor, Mr. Newton Crosland, and we give it a place in the *Spiritual Magazine* with very great pleasure.—ED. S. M.]

DEAR SIR,—I now proceed, according to promise, to state to you the pith of my observations, on and in regard to the group of spirits who come to me as your friends. I may tell you at the commencement that though I observed some of the phenomena I am about to describe shortly after they entered my house, it was not until the reception of yours in answer to my hurried note that I was permitted to make those observations known to you. Since then those spirits have been much troubled, clung the closer to me, and have repeatedly urged me on to state what follows.

Before proceeding to incidents, I will say a few words on my observations of their persons. My first remarks will have to be somewhat modified. The young man is younger than I first took him to be, and for the word "magnificent," as applied to his personal appearance I would substitute the word "noble." I shall name this youth H. R. The elder lady is larger than she at first seemed; she is in fact a tall woman, and the children's aunt. In regard to the younger lady (who shall bear the name of E. B. R.), she is the same beautiful, blue-eyed, light-haired creature I described her—this beauty of course varying with her age, the circumstances and conditions of her life, and to these we will now devote our attention. First, then, I behold her as a child of six or eight years, dressed in a blue frock ornamented with some kind of leaf or flower. She was standing in a drawing-room, the walls of which were lined with a white satin-flowered paper. A screen lined with the same was seen at the entrance. I mean on the inside of the room. I had not time to note more before the scene changed, and I had now before me a breakfast-table, around which were gathered an orderly family among whom I descried the features of E. B. R., and another whom I did not describe in my last, but will now do so—I mean the girl's mother. This lady we shall call E. R. I have seen into the earth-career of this angelic being, and the part she was destined to act in the following drama will justify a reference to it. As a child she was what we have seen her daughter to be.

I have often at this period seen her playing with a boy of the same age and of similar features and complexion. At the age of 17 or 18, I saw them dancing together in a hall. There was a number of people present, but as I saw them through an aperture (close to which was the lady and the youth), it would have been difficult for me to have described them. The youth between whom and myself was E. R., I saw clearly, from the fact that he had by this time grown so tall as to be able to look over her head. At the commencement of this scene she—the afterwards mother—was standing with her face towards me, but when in the act of dancing she had her back in that position, and I thus had a fine view of her figure, features, and dress. She was, as I have intimated, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. Her face was oval, the nose slightly aquiline, the eye-brows were somewhat arched, and her mouth was shaped like a Cupid's bow. In figure she was stout not corpulent, below the ordinary height, with the head well up from the shoulders,—in short, a model of fair proportions. Her dress consisted of a white silk gown, the skirts of the jacket and the sleeves of which were fringed with gold, while around her neck was a necklace of vari-coloured jewels. Shortly after this I had a view of the exterior of her father's mansion. It was a splendid house, of recent date, but built in the Gothic style.

My next scene presented me with her courtship and marriage. She was not married to the youth I saw dancing with her in the hall, but to another, and one who appeared to me to be some ten years older than herself. I am informed that he was only five. If so, he must up to that date have led a gay life. The marriage gave much pleasure to the poor of the neighbourhood, and the inhabitants of a village near, in which was a large steam mill, gathered themselves together to make merry on the occasion. The good lady must have been one or two and twenty at the time. I saw her again, about three years after, and anything more handsome would be difficult to conceive. She was dressed in a black silk velvet dress, with a beaver on, from the front of which streamed a long feather over her head. Her father's image was imprinted on her being in a way that led me to infer that he had lately died. The house, which I now suppose to be the mother's, is not the same as I have just described it. It was indeed a large house, and the windows, to judge from one which I saw at the back of it, may have been Gothic, but its body was square and its surroundings were different from those of the other. It was situated by the side of a river; there was a large town near, and the country for miles around was a dead level plain. I repeatedly saw the good lady on a visit to this house, and she was, as I have denoted, in

perfect health and strength, but from this date forward there was a marked decline in these. She was subjected to much bodily and mental suffering (the causes of which I also saw), and during child labour, her agonies were excruciating. She was carried off at the age of 35 by these, and she was a spirit in spirit-land when I again met with her. Among those who gathered around or were brought to witness the last of this good lady on earth, I distinguished the features of E. B. R., and of H. R., and of the aunt. After her decease the aunt became the manager of the house. I have a fine view of her standing in front of, and conversing with E. B. R., and other two children in one of the rooms on a bright morning. I suppose it was on a Sunday, and it must have been some time after the death, as they—at least the children—were dressed in coloured clothes. The dress of E. B. R., was of a lightish blue or grey colour. In a few minutes after, they were inside of a church. I could not see the pulpit but from the manner in which the aunt sat I took her to be right opposite it, and her head (one of the noblest I ever saw) was bent back against the rails of the pew in which she sat in a devotional attitude. The clearness with which I saw those things is to me a proof that E. B. R., who at this time would be 14 years old must at this period have herself possessed high and religious aspirations. Since before I could so have seen them the purifying surroundings must have entered deeply into her own heart. My next view represented her grown somewhat taller. She was clothed in a buff dress and was in a steamer upon some river—her friends were with her, and there was a stout-built man at her side. This man was of dark complexion, his face was round and his hair and beard were mixed with grey. His presence made my blood cold. There was a deal of evil lurking in his heart and his intentions towards the girl were wicked. Another view gave me a sight of the steamer at night, E. B. R., was sitting on the deck against some railings. The dark man came up behind, reached his head over her shoulder—I could not then see what occurred, since during the struggle which ensued they became more closely veiled in the shadow of the night. The boat disappeared and when I next saw it, it was—so it seemed to me, broad daylight. I watched it pass into a bay, and amongst those who got out I am impressed that I saw E. B. R., and her friends.

My next revealed to me a portion of some town. It was looking up a street which was built on a hill-side. There were some high houses in this street and some shops. It was a bright morn. The shop windows were closed, from which I inferred that it was very early, or that the people were enjoying a holiday. At the top of this street and on the opposite side from

where stood the shops there was a big white-washed square-built house, with small old-fashioned windows and the door-way (which was reached by stone steps), was right in the centre of that angle which fronted the main road. Whilst looking at this, a conveyance drove up, and out of this stepped E. B. R., the dark man and others, and went into the house. During their stay here I saw sufficient to convince me that the dark man, whom we shall now call the artist, was unsuccessful in his bad purpose on the steamer. About this time he made many efforts to accomplish that, but in vain. That he did at length succeed my next view will perhaps determine. In this I had before me a large room, the roof of which was supported by pillars, and the internal parts of which as well as the window was after the Gothic style of architecture. In this room I had E. B. R. sitting upon a chair, and the artist crouching before her. While in this position an apparition appeared and glided through the window. It was the apparition of a woman. I will tell you at once—it was the mother. Another apparition succeeded hers, and I believe another. The first hovered over the girl in the greatest anxiety; while from the opposite side some dark phantoms kept pouring their baleful influences upon the man. The looks of the poor girl showed that she was the victim of the most intense excitement, and on the lapse of a brief interval her strength was gone, when, looking up, I beheld the angelic mother driven back to the window, and with a woeful countenance—but what words could depict the internal conflict expressed thereon? Just by this a cloud—the black atmosphere of sin—enveloped the proceedings of those in the flesh, and a black spirit in rags and tatters started up from behind where the girl sat, laughed, whistled, danced and sang, while another spirit appeared above their heads with a pen in his hand, and in the act of writing. This is no fancy picture, but a literal description of what I saw.

The war of good and evil had again been fought, and the angelic party had lost. After the lapse of a few minutes E. B. R. was again on her feet—a handkerchief was applied to her face—the darkness to some extent disappeared. The mother again came forward; and her face wore the expression of a broken heart. Some further scenes satisfied me that the artist had succeeded in seducing the girl from the path of virtue. These and other scenes were obviously in and about her father's house, in which I also repeatedly saw him at work about this time, painting the portrait of the father. In one of these I had the last named gentleman sitting at the artist's side; E. B. R. was behind, looking on, and in the front was the easel at which the artist worked. I also witnessed the painting of the portraits

of H. R. and of E. B. R. herself. These latter, however, were for some mysterious reason more like busts or rather living beings than paintings; and I may further remark, for your information, that the artist worked with his left hand; that the writing I have just referred to was done with the left hand; so was other writing, and other things which are always done with the right hand, as seen in my visions, were done with the left; and, reflecting on this, I have come to the conclusion that the views of the normal clairvoyant (except in the case where a *bonâ fide* spirit or ghost is standing before him) are negative and not positive; but more of this another time. While thus engaged at her father's house, I often saw the artist treat the girl in an unbecoming manner. They were always together; and, beside field rambles, &c., I have seen them with the rest of the family pleasuring on a lake. By this time I imagined our lady-friend had grown a deal stouter. Her father may not have suspected the cause; he soon had reason to suspect. The artist and she were again in the father's house. He was seated in a big arm-chair, and she was on his lap. Behind them there was a long narrow room along one side of which ran a window, such as you will observe, in country places are constructed for the lighting of joiners and cabinet-makers' shops, but the panes of which were diamond-shaped. The room was in fact the same we have just described as seen through an aperture—a door-way for instance. When thus sitting the father entered. This was obviously unexpected. They sprang to their feet, whilst the father for a moment seemed paralysed; and while thus transfixed I will try to tell you what he was like. I had then before me a tall and rather spare man, with finely-formed features and a flowing beard—which, and also the hair of his head, was grey. On his head was a soft felt hat. He was further arrayed in a black coat, light trousers and vest. He had vastly changed during the last eight or ten years. This scene formed the turning point of the drama.

I had then a sight of a girl on her knees and in a pleading attitude before this gentleman, but of this I am not certain. Of what I shall now state I am, and that is that I saw this poor girl in the last stage of pregnancy. I saw a house situated by a wood or plantation: it was night time, but there was a light burning in one of the rooms, and through the upper part of this window I saw people moving to and fro on the inside. I saw a woman in child-labour—it was your friend—it was my friend E. B. R.—there was a woman in attendance, and a man—not her seducer—he, the seducer, was lurking about at the outside. I saw the birth of a child; I saw that child placed in a basket; I saw a woman carry that basket; I then saw that basket in the hand of

the artist. I knew it was he, though he had endeavoured to hide his real exterior appearance by a certain loose garment. I saw him leaning over a bridge, which crossed a river; the bridge was built of stone and consisted of three arches, though I only saw two, or one and a half; but the segment I did see was right in the middle of the stream, and formed part of a much larger arch than the one I saw completely. I saw something suspended, as if by a rope, under the complete arch, and from the spot where the artist was leaning. I saw a woman underneath; I barely had time to note her form and dress, and then the scene changed. It was still night time. I saw a man coming along a road with a burden on his back; the man was strong-built, but his head was bent down, and I could not see his face. The burden he bore was a woman: her head was up and I saw hers. It was the familiar face of E. B. R. I had the broad daylight to assist my vision in the next, and the first objects that flashed thereon were those of a big old woman and a young sergeant. They were talking together and passing along a highway. The former was the artist and the latter was E. B. R. The sergeant had a letter in his hand. A second glance revealed the true character of what I then saw. By thus arraying themselves the artist and his victim may have deceived the common gaze, but they could not so deceive the clairvoyant.

An elderly gentleman in the act of reading a letter, and from which he seemed as if he could not tear himself, forms the subject of my next. It was the father of E. B. R., and he was swayed by the most powerful emotions. A young lady was standing by his side. What her feelings were I could not determine. Back to E. B. R. we are now taken, and to find her and her seducer on a visit to a wild-beast show. A great white bear and other animals were before me, and when looking at them a creeping came over my flesh, and in an instant I was in a state of horri-fication. This must have been E. B. R.'s own state of feelings at the time; and the cause was obvious, when I saw, as I now did, a woman's head in the mouth of the great bear. Forgetting for a moment the disgusting tricks of this class of exhibitors, I imagined some one was in the act of being devoured, and my first thought was of E. B. R. I was soon undeceived, since it was only one of the show women, but the feeling continued, and the poor girl must have suffered tremendously at this rude and horrific spectacle. Some time after this I met with her, strolling the country with two men. One of these was the artist, the other a fiddler. She herself had a tambourine in her hand, and they played music and sung for the means of subsistence. I have not time to enter into this part of her unhappy career, but I may note that she often comes before me with this tambourine, on

which she will play and sing. While she is playing, the music which she thus makes, and which I sometimes hear, penetrates to the very recesses of my heart. Great God, what must then have been the feelings of that poor girl! But I must on. The only scene which I shall note, while she was thus engaged, is one in which I found her upon a public stage, with a band of Christy Minstrels. The part she there acted was, of course, that of playing the tambourine, and of singing. I notify this especially, because the moral atmosphere which hung over the scene was that of impenetrable darkness. The trials with which she had had to contend must by this have subdued the angelic part of her nature, and she, at last, must have become abandoned and lost all hope of recovery. This impression was, above all, confirmed by a scene which made it apparent to me that she had resorted to an immoral life to find the means of subsistence. Her end was now near; she was alone; she was shrunk and haggard; her beauty was gone, her pearl ear-drops, jewelled necklace, and rich clothes were all gone. She was in a state of destitution, and between her and the beautiful home she had left behind a gulf intervened which could not be recrossed. What was then to be done? The problem was soon to be solved. My next view did that. It was a cold winter's night; the cold went through me; a dark river appeared, and a bridge over it. A woman appeared on that bridge—it was E. B. R.; she disappeared, and underneath I saw some one floating in the water. I gazed and gazed, but all I could distinguish of the angel that once was, was the bright brown hair I described in my first note; and this I was only enabled to do by the reflection of certain gas-lights on the shore.

What time may have elapsed between the foregoing and what follows I cannot say, but I should think several days. In this last I had the broad day, and in it I saw the body of the girl dragged up the river by some boatmen. I knew it to be hers, though it was in a sadly mutilated state. My first impression was that she, in spite of my previous observations, had been subjected to violence, but though this to a certain degree was true (for one of her eyes was blacked and she elsewhere bore the effects of brutal blows), I soon found it was not so to the extent I supposed, and that her mutilation, which included a severe gash on each side of the neck next to the collar-bone, had proceeded from another cause. The fact is, the body had drifted out to sea, and when there had been attacked by certain sea-monsters. A vision which I now had rendered this very clear. I saw the body lying at the bottom of the deep. I saw a brute shaped somewhat like a bear (had the scene at the wild-beast show not been a distorted prognostication of this?) move towards and attack

the corpse, and saw other brutes in its train, among which I distinguished the sea-pig; and while this was going on I saw the girl's own spirit hovering above, and so saw that she herself was thus a witness to her body's mutilation. The body was placed in a cart drawn by a bay horse, with a broad white mark down the face—the adjoining reddy-brown extending into one place into this white mark. I saw these in a public place. A great number of people, gathered about the coffin of an adult, made their appearance on the scene, from which I concluded the remains were buried, and dust being given to dust, my eyes were again in pursuit of that which never dies. Your feelings will doubtless have been racked with the preceding, but my next record will have the contrary effect. In this I had a sun-like face, peering down in a sphere of darkness beneath, and in that sphere I descried the unfortunate E. B. R.—the former was the mother, and she was straining every nerve to draw her child towards her. The influence she thus exercised at last prevailed. The daughter's head was now on her lap, and those cheeks which had been subjected to the most cruel usage were now stroked by that hand which so often had patted them when their possessor was a babe at the breast. It further prevailed. The girl was now on her feet, and being in front of, was clothed in the lustre of the angelic parent.

It is not the business of the clairvoyant to moralise, but to describe; yet I cannot help saying that the great principle involved in this last view is not only worth all the beautiful things that may be said in our thousand churches on any good Sunday morning, but outweighs in value all that has been preached from the Nazarene's Sermon on the Mount, down to the present. Our panorama, one would think, ought to have ended here, but the outcome of it all was yet to be made known. The various scenes of this revelation I cannot find time to depict. I will, therefore, content myself by stating that the child's life was spared—that the woman we saw under the bridge (bridge No. 1), and who, we thought, had helped it to its end, had taken it to her own home. I saw her present it to her husband and family. Both her and her husband, and her humble home, I could describe. This passed in the night time. Next morning I saw a woman (not the person who secured the child), dragged along by some authorised ruffians. This woman was poor and needy in appearance—was young—had a thin face and a pair of brilliant black eyes. A number of people gathered around her. She and the poor babe were ushered before a bench of magistrates. One of the latter I particularly noted. He was a bluff, fresh-coloured man, with gingery hair and whiskers, which were profuse. He was shaved on and

under the chin. I was, moreover, enabled by the gift of clairvoyance to see that this man afterwards cut his own throat, and so ended his earth-days by suicide. I have also had a later view of the dark-eyed woman. She was dressed in a gaudy style and bloated. She is evidently leading a gay life about town. As for the scenes of these transactions they are indelibly imprinted on my mind. The image of the child, who is now a fine little girl, is so impressed there too; and I have no doubt, if I had a starting point, I could not only trace its whereabouts, but prove its identification from certain marks it bears also.

In conclusion, let me add, that, should you not be able to identify in this narration any one whom you may know, so much the better for your own feelings; but that the narration holds good of some poor human being I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence. Should it be otherwise, however, you will be pleased to know that I am in possession of certain dates, and names of persons and places, given by my guides a number of times over without variation, which might be of great service to you.

Yours truly,
J. SKIPSEY.

P.S.—It would have been impossible for me to have described all the various phenomena which I have witnessed illustrative of the life we have had before us; but there is one scene not in the record to which I ought especially to have referred, *viz.*:—one in which I had a view of the race from which poor E. B. R. sprang. I find that her grandmother wore a coronet, and that she was the sixth in descent by the mother's side from a race of kings, the crown of which had circled six heads or rather seven (two of whom were women), since. In the last it appeared to encompass two at once, and in which we had a representative of either sex. A second view gave the genealogy as extending to a very remote period, and the whole of the avenue, as it may be termed was strewn with crowns and coronets. But this extension was in another land, and the wearers of the symbols of power moved in scenes characterised by great mountains and deep valleys girt by the ocean. The crown itself, at least as it appeared on the heads of the later kings, was formed of massive gold, and, besides being set with other costly jewels, had a very large oval-shaped opal in the centre of the front. In a special scene, one of the later kings appeared with his head severed from the trunk, and it dangled before me as if suspended by a string of some kind—perhaps a long lock of hair. I need not add that this was a most ghastly sight. Had I been permitted

to still further describe, I might have shown from scenes of a more recent date, that poor E. B. R. had more royal blood in her veins than even she herself or her nearest kin had ever suspected; but the length of my tether is run.

J. S.

Ishington Colliery, Northumberland.

Notices of New Books.

DR. SEXTON'S REASONS FOR RENOUNCING INFIDELITY.*

By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon.

I CANNOT write a merely formal notice of these two sermons, nor is there any reason for my doing so in order that they may secure the friendly notice of the readers of this Magazine, to whom their author is so well known, and who are very well aware that he cannot write what is valueless for brain and heart. Nor can I write any notice of them unaffected by my close friendship with Dr. Sexton, and their calling up some of the most sacred passages of our two lives, when he and I have grappled soul with soul, and discussed these high problems far on into the night and when no eyes have been upon us but the eyes of Him who never slumbers and never sleeps. Some of these sentences and paragraphs oblige me to think of the discussions of the past time, and as I read these pages I am able to bear testimony to their simple truthfulness; while, of course, everyone who knows my friend as a literary man knows quite well how exceptionally clear are all his statements, how logical is his order, and how impressive is his eloquence.

Dr. Sexton had for sometime felt the desirability of stating, in a small compass, the course of thought which had led him to his present views; and, as he here tells us, just as he was meditating on the form which such a publication should take, our mutual friend, the Rev. David Thomas, D.D., Minister of the Augustine Independent Church, Clapham Road, but still more widely known as the editor of the *Homilist*, invited Dr. Sexton to preach two sermons in his Church, and suggested that

* *Reasons for Renouncing Infidelity.* Two Sermons by GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D. Price 1s. London: G. S. SEXTON, 75, Fleet Street.

they should be devoted to his reasons for renouncing Infidelity. The pamphlet to which this notice is devoted is the result.

In the first sermon, on the text "Without God in the world" (Ephesians ii. 12), Dr. Sexton shows, in the first place, the various kinds of people who come under the description embodied in the Apostle's words; and then what the being "without God in the world" does actually involve. Atheism, or the denial of the existence of God; Pantheism, or the denial of the Divine Personality; Positivism, or the denial that God is in any sense knowable; and Deism, or the denial of Divine Providence, are then severally sketched by one who has few equals in his knowledge of these varied forms of modern unbelief. Dr. Sexton then proceeds to show that the being "without God in the world" involves darkness of intellect, the being without a basis for the moral law, the destruction of hope and of the belief in the ultimate triumph of good, the deprivation of the spiritual nature of its necessary aliment, the absence of any sort of consolation in that most terrible of all trials when those near and dear to us are snatched away by death, and the fearful position in which it places us as we contemplate our own fate in the hereafter. The writer in this first sermon says the reason why St. Paul described the Ephesians before their conversion as being "without God in the world" is obvious enough, inasmuch as they were "without Christ;" and Dr. Sexton argues that without Him no true conception of Deity can be formed.

On this last point much more is said in the second sermon, which is on the words, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John xiv. 6). Here Dr. Sexton deals with Christianity as "a great fact," and as "the most important religion which exists to-day." In considering the origin and progress of Christianity, careful reference is made to the character of Christ, as it is drawn in the New Testament generally, and more particularly in the four Gospels; to the fact that Christ comes before us in an entirely different manner to that which any ancient teacher presents himself; to the glorious truth that "Christianity in fact is Christ, not His teachings merely, but Himself;" and to the claims which Christ made on His own behalf upon the belief, obedience and reverence of others, "claims which are perfectly unique, so much so indeed that we should be terribly startled if we came across them in connection with any other being." My friend then examines three suppositions, which as he considers are the only possible ones; "first, that Jesus was a rank impostor, or, secondly, that He was an enthusiast, or, thirdly, that His claims have been substantiated and His self-assertion is justifiable." It need scarcely be said that this last supposition is the one adopted. Quotations

are then given from Spinoza, Kant, Strauss, J. S. Mill, Leckey, Renan, and Theodore Parker, all of whom have laboured to express their sense of the grandeur and beauty of the character of Jesus. These quotations are followed by some references to Dr. Sexton's own personal experiences, from the time when his views of Christ began to undergo a change down to the present moment, when, as he tells us, he is able to say with the Apostle Thomas, "my Lord and my God." I am not guilty of any breach of friendship, and I hope of no indelicate intrusion of myself, when I say that my friend is here stating with entire accuracy the ordeal through which he has come. Throughout the whole of the time he honoured me by making me the confidant of his perplexities, and the results at which he arrived from time to time; and he speaks only the words of strict truthfulness when he says, "The ordeal through which I have had to pass has been a very terrible one." Terrible indeed, as such an ordeal must be to every earnest soul who has to come out of Egypt and travel into the Promised Land, an ordeal aggravated, too, "by neglect, persecution, slander, and poverty," constant and abundant. This sermon is brought to a close by a glowing and most eloquent exposition of the actual words of the text, an exposition which I think would make an admirable 16-page tract for distribution, as it seizes and exposes to view in the clearest manner the mighty truths Christ revealed to the world when He said of Himself that "He was the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that no man came unto the Father but by Him."

These sermons cannot but do good. They are the offspring of a mind richly furnished, and of a power of statement which few writers or speakers of the present day possess, while the element of personal experiences interwoven into them gives to them an added and almost priceless interest. Most sincerely do I hope that my friend's life and health may long be spared, that he may devote his singularly great powers to the building up of that faith to the weakening and pulling down of which so many sad years of his life were given. Friends by large troops ought to rally around him, to help him by their sympathies, their prayers, and their material contributions, to strengthen him in the doing of the work which now devolves upon him. I know that one of the saddest of all his permanent regrets arises out of the knowledge of the evil which, as a public teacher, he has done in the past; and it is the unceasing desire of his heart to undo that evil as much as possible, and to lead men to see, what his opened eyes now see, that Jesus Christ is "the Word made flesh," and "the power of God unto salvation." God speed thee, my brother! May He who is "the Way" make His way "plain before thy face;" may He who is "the Truth"

lead thee yet more and more into the "truth as it is in Jesus;" and may He who is "the Life" be the perpetual Inspiration of thy life, consecrating all thy activities, and strengthening thee to use the remainder of thy days in telling a sceptical and sinful world of "the unsearchable riches" of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" and may "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit" of the Father and the Son, be with thy spirit, now and always, here and everywhere—AMEN.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. DAWSON ROGERS.

MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS having sent in his resignation as a Vice-President and Member of Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, a resolution was unanimously passed that a deputation should wait upon him for the purpose of endeavouring to induce him to reconsider his determination in that respect. Accordingly on Thursday, October 5th, the deputation appointed consisting of Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Mrs. Maltby, Dr. Sexton, Mr. E. Parkinson Ashton, and Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, presented the following address to Mr. Rogers at his residence at Finchley:—

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—We, the members of this Deputation, represent the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists; and we believe we may safely say that we here represent the Association itself. I specially represent also on this occasion the President of this Association. Our object in calling upon you is to express the great regret with which we have heard of the tender of your resignation of the position which you have honourably and usefully occupied as Member of the Council and as Vice-President of the Association, and also to ask you to withdraw this resignation. We know that it could not have been tendered, and that certainly it could not be accepted without the sorrow which must ever attend the separation of tried friends who have stood side by side to do battle in a noble cause. We do not on our part propose to refer to the reasons which may have induced you to offer your resignation to the Council: it is sufficient for us to prove to you by our authorised presence to-day that these reasons could not be based upon any want of respect, personal regard or kindly appreciation on the part of those whom we represent. In the clash of words and ideas, wounds may sometimes be given which to the strong man are in themselves nothing, but whose smart is that they come from the hand of a friend. But it can be only from the want of a frank understanding, from the need of an expression of deeper feeling, such as this, that the memory of trivial hurts can last—can outlive the real friendship which underlies even the differences of those who work heartily together in a common cause. In speaking thus, our feeling is that of respect for any sensitiveness on the part of one who has hitherto ever laboured for our Association, in its early infancy and in its present growth, as he would for a loved child. If this Association now shows the tokens of a strength which it would be difficult to gauge in its ultimate developments and effects, this, we are

fully aware, is due in no small measure to the anxious care and indefatigable endeavour of yourself (and of some other friends from whom we regret to be severed) in conjunction with your earlier co-workers, whom, amongst others, we here represent. We think that it will be with you a strong argument to point to the fact that our Association cannot afford to lose workers such as yourself, and that it would in fact be injured by their secession. Nor, we submit, can you, with due justice to yourself, relinquish the honourable position in this Association which you have so fairly earned. On these grounds, we appeal to you to withdraw the resignation you have tendered but which our Council has not accepted.

DESMOND G. FITZ-GERALD,
AGNES F. MALTBY,
GEORGE SEXTON,
E. PARKINSON ASHTON,
ELIZABETH FITZ-GERALD.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the deputation succeeded in their endeavours. Mr. Rogers agreed to withdraw his resignation, and he therefore remains a Vice-President and Member of Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

Mr. E. Dawson Rogers has since forwarded the following reply to the address of the deputation:—

Rose Villa, Church End, Finchley,
October 8th, 1876.

DEAR MR. FITZ-GERALD,—Will you be kind enough to express to the Council of the B. N. A. S. my appreciation of the unanimity with which they invited me to withdraw my notice of resignation, and allow me to assure you and the other members of the deputation that I could not but be gratified with the kindness and cordiality with which they impressed upon me the desirability of giving effect to the Council's resolution.

You will oblige me by informing the Council that I yield to the earnest solicitations which have been made to me, and trust that our future relations may be both useful and pleasant.

Very sincerely yours,
E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Desmond G. Fitz-Gerald, Esq.

DR. SEXTON AT MANCHESTER.

On the morning of Sunday, September 24th, Dr. Sexton preached in the Peter Street Church to a large congregation. He took for his text Revelations xxii. 9, "Worship God," and devoted his sermon to a consideration of the true Object, nature, purpose, and uses of religious worship. As this was Dr. Sexton's first appearance in a Manchester pulpit a great deal of interest was felt, and people came from long distances to hear what he had to say in favour of his new views. In the afternoon the usual quarterly tea meeting was held in the school-room adjoining the Church, the subject of conversation being the "Parable of the Ten Virgins," which was opened by Mr. H. S. Sutton. Several of the members of the society took part in the discussion, which was brought to a close by an able speech from Dr. Sexton.

On the following Sunday, October 1st, Dr. Sexton preached again in the Church morning and evening, on both of which occasions the congregations were unusually large. His subjects were, in the morning, "The Loneliness of Man," (John xvi. 32), and in the evening, "Onward, but Whither?" (Zechariah ii. 2). At the close of each service several of the leading members of the Church shook the Doctor warmly by the hand, and thanked him for his able and eloquent sermons.

Dr. Sexton will visit Manchester again on November 8th, to preach special sermons, in the New Jerusalem Temple, Salford.

DR. SEXTON AT HACKNEY.

Dr. Sexton delivered two discourses in the New Assembly Rooms, Hackney, on Sunday, October 8th, on behalf of the "Evangelical Mission," taking for his subject, "The Supernatural in the Bible in accordance with Reason and Facts." The congregations were unusually good, a large number of Secularists being present. It is expected that the Doctor will preach again in these rooms some time in December.

DR. SEXTON AT DARWEN.

On Sunday, October 15th, Dr. Sexton preached two sermons in the Congregational Chapel, Duckworth Street, Darwen, on behalf of the Sunday and Day Schools. The chapel was well filled in the morning and crowded in the evening, the number of persons present at the latter service being not less than fourteen hundred. The collections on behalf of the Schools amounted to £66 10s. 3d. On the two following evenings, the 16th and 17th, the Doctor lectured in the Co-operative Hall on the following subjects:—Monday, "Secularism a Creed of Negations, deficient as a Moral Guide and incapable of satisfying the wants of Human Nature," Tuesday, "Christianity of Divine Origin the true science of manhood and alone capable of regenerating Universal Humanity." The large Hall was crowded to excess, there being on the Tuesday evening hardly standing room. The chair was taken on Monday by the Rev. J. Mc Dougall, and on Tuesday by the Rev. J. Jutsum, two of the ministers of the town. The Secularists brought Mrs. Harriet Law over to oppose the Doctor, but no discussion ensued. A long report of the Sunday sermons and week evening lectures appeared in the *Darwen News* of the 21st ult., amounting to over five columns. Dr. Sexton's visit to Darwen was in every sense of the term a marked success.

MRS. WOODHULL AND FREE LOVE.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull seems at last to have discovered what one might have supposed could have easily been foreseen from the commencement, that whatever may have been the views entertained by the principal promoter of the Free-love doctrines, they would be sure to be taken advantage of by persons whose only object in adopting them would be to furnish excuses for the gratification of their own depraved appetites. Mrs. Woodhull is, we believe, no longer associated with the disgusting thing called Free-love. In an interview which she recently had with the reporter of a Chicago paper, she is represented as saying:—"In all parts of the country there have been persons who have grasped at the principles of social freedom as an excuse for their own degraded and promiscuous lives; persons whose only idea of freedom was that it granted them complete license to fatten their passions deeper in the mire of sexual debauchery; persons who never thought of lifting their eyes to a higher life, to an ideal perfection that can only be attained in freedom. Some of these persons have been travelling lecturers, and wherever they have been, have dispensed their social miasm, and their disgusting practices, as Woodhullism." We are very glad indeed to learn that Mrs. Woodhull has seen to what her previous teaching was likely to lead, and that she has severed herself from all connection with the Free-love movement. And still more glad are we to learn that she has been induced to take this course through having come to believe in the Bible, and allowing her mind to be operated upon by the purity of its principles.

HON. J. M. PEEBLES.

The following extracts from a lecture recently given by Mr. Peebles, containing his views on various subjects connected with religion, will we doubt, not, prove interesting to our readers. The report of the lecture appeared originally in the *Chattanooga Times*; we are, however indebted for it to the *American Spiritual Magazine* edited by Dr. Samuel Watson:—

God is. I should as soon think of adducing arguments to prove that my body had an earthly father, as that my spirit had a heavenly father. This father is God. True we cannot comprehend the Divine Existence; we cannot perfectly comprehend our own. If we would fathom and comprehend God, that moment he would cease to be God, because we can only comprehend what is inferior to ourselves. The finite can never span the infinite. Hence, as Herbert Spencer says, there is, there will be beyond us the "Unknowable," and after all our speculation we may say with Proclus that God is causation, and with Jesus that God is a Spirit, and human beings being made in the Divine image are necessarily spiritual beings. Death severs the copartnership existing between the body and the spirit. And spirits are then in the spirit-world, where, retain-

ing their identity, their memories and their loves, are naturally drawn to their kindred upon earth. Immediately, therefore, after human beings die off from this earth they return to it as spirits, bringing messages from their various spheres. These facts are established by the testimonies of all Bibles. The Vedas of the Brahmins, Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Avesta of the Persians, all abound in visions and spiritual manifestations. But this is especially true of the Old and New Testaments of the Christian world. Angels, or spiritual beings, appeared to Lot, to Abraham in the plains, to Hagar by a fountain, to Jacob, to Elijah under a juniper tree, and the man Gabriel appeared to Daniel and touched him, about the hour of the evening oblation. The spirits of Elias and Moses appeared on the mount in presence of Peter, James, and John. A young man clothed in a long white garment sat by Jesus' tomb, an angel opened the iron gate. In fact, the Bible is full of spirit-manifestations. These have transpired in all ages more or less. Swedenborg for twenty-seven years held intercourse with the spirit-world. A young man in Western New York, near the close of a seven days' death-trance, foretold the writing of A. J. Davis' works, and the wonderful spread of Spiritualism. The Shakers—and there are 70 communities in this country—have always been Spiritualists. Elder F. W. Evans, a noted Shaker elder, had the trance and visions more than 40 years ago—leading him out of Atheism into the Spiritualism of the Shaker Church.

"In defining the doctrines of Spiritualism," said the lecturer, "I define them for myself, and not for Professor Crookes, of England, or Robert Dale Owen, or A. J. Davis, of America. As Spiritualists we have no pope, no cardinals, nor do we bow down to any bishop or priest. We have no fixed creed, saying to the soul, 'Thus far and no farther,' but regard every man as endowed with a God-given right to think, hear, see, and judge for himself. As a Spiritualist, then, I believe:

"In one living and true God—the Infinite Presence of the Universe—Wisdom and Love. I believe in Jesus Christ, as teacher, Mediator, Saviour, accepting Peter's definition (Acts ii., 22), 'Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, wonders and signs that God did by him.' I believe in the Holy Spirit—that it fell upon the apostles—was 'poured out upon the Gentiles,' and is a constantly descending afflatus from the Christ-heavens. I believe in inspiration, a spiritual inflowing from the Divine Fountain. Prophets and apostles, martyrs, and poets have been inspired in all ages. I believe in the beauty of faith, the necessity of repentance, and a just and adequate punishment for all sins in violation of law. I believe in heaven and hell as conditions rather than locations; spirits suffer the keenest remorse in the lower spheres. 'The kingdom of God is within you,' said Jesus. I believe in spiritual gifts, prophecies, dreams, clairvoyance, visions, trances, and spirit-materializations, as demonstrating a future conscious existence. In fact, this is not belief, but positive knowledge, and thus conditioned I have obeyed the apostolic injunction, 'Add to your faith knowledge.'

"I believe in a natural and spiritual body, and when death transpires, each individual commences the hereafter life precisely as he left this, mentally and spiritually; but all, there as here, are subjects of progression.

"I believe in trying the spirits, accepting only such teachings as are pure, holy and Christ-like.

"I believe in salvation through Divine obedience—through Christ—just as I believe in buds and flowers and harvests through the quickening sunshine.

"I believe in the Church of God, the church of humanity, the holy apostolic church, within whose pale may still be found purity and peace, spiritual gifts and 'all things in common,' as upon the day of Pentecost."

Touching the moral influence of these doctrines, the speaker said that if a demonstration of the soul's immortality, the certainty of punishment, the happiness derived from purity, goodness, and holiness, the harmony between religion and science, the conscious presence of ministering spirits and a continuous baptism from the Christ-heavens, would not tend to better the world, he could not conceive what would. Add to this, he said, the fact that none have secrets—God, angels, spirits, know them all. Our souls are as the leaflets of open books, and self-denial and purity of life the only passports to heaven.

SPIRITUALISM.

What mere intellectual conviction of a future state can vie with the consoling certainty offered by the Spiritualistic belief, that those whom we have lost on earth still hover around us in our daily course; sometimes even appear to us in bodily form! and converse with us in human speech. No mere hope of meeting them again can for a moment equal the delights of seeing their well-known shapes, and hearing their familiar tones. Hence the Spiritualist has undoubtedly a source of comfort in his faith which more rational creeds can offer nothing to supply.—*Lord Amberley's "Analysis of Religious Belief."* Vol. II., p. 493.

CORPSE-CANDLES.

In Governor Sacheverell's "Account of the Isle of Man," A.D. 1702,—it is stated, "As to the light generally seen at people's deaths, I have assurance so probable that I know not how to disbelieve them; particularly an antient man, long clerk of a parish, has affirmed to me, that he almost constantly sees them upon the death of any of his own parish: and one Capt. Leaths, chief magistrate of Belfast, assured me that he was shipwrecked on this island and lost great part of his crew: that when he came on shore the natives told him he had lost thirteen of his men, for they saw so many lights going towards the church, which was just the number lost. Whether these fancies—continued the Governor, proceed from ignorance, superstition, or traditionary, or hereditary magic; or whether nature has adapted the organs of some persons for discerning of spirits, I cannot determine."

Correspondence.

THE BLACKWELL REVIEW AND MISS KISLINGBURY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Miss Kislingbury has done me the honour of criticising my review of her friend's Prize Essay. (*Spiritual Magazine*, September, p. 430.) Castigation of such a gentle kind is rather a treat even if it appears harsh in her saying that my review "is read with regret and with indignation by not a few"—probably of the fair sex, which I am thought to have depreciated, inroaching upon its right of perfect equality, nay mental identity with man. I disclaim the justice of the reproof, as I always have pleaded for the superiority of the feminine sex over the male. How is it that I who since 1799 have been conscious of its loveliness and with gratitude combine respect for it, should fall into so gross a

mistake as that of which I am thought guilty? I, poor "*inamorato*," who never could see the rosy cheek of an innocent girl, (even if it were flushing from that feeling of jealousy, which Miss K. thinks to be the natural attribute of her sex), without losing my equanimity, and making her an ideal of creation, so that my fair and cute chastiser even supposes me to have been such a jealousy-stricken girl in a protoplasmic state of previous incarnation, (see conclusion, p. 431.) My "*animula parvula, blandula*" feels quite cheered by such bland flattery in the "*destichado*"-state of low male incarnation. Must it not make me bow down to the knees of my flattering tormentrix, humming the words of the French air:—

"Battez moi tant que vous voudrez,
Mais m'aimez davantage!"

There is no end of my heart's content in this enviable position, and I know not how to find the needed pliant elasticity for looking seriously up to those chaste, chastising eyes.

What next? Have I "*contre mon gré*" to step down again into the masculine *paraphernalia* with their nasty appendages of logics and rationalities, of doctrines and principles? What does she accuse me of? "I, tarnish the laurels of the fair ones?" "*horrendum et execrabile dictu!*" I can't bear it. I feel shut out from the girdle of Graces, from the choir of Muses. The reporting advocate for that fair sex, which is the very object worth living and dying for, uses her charm to make a *Tiresias* of me, a blind "*sophos*"—feeling as a woman, without enjoying her love's tenfold felicity, only to be fustigated and doomed to Tantallic torments for robbing laurels instead of picking roses! "*Tantæ cælestibus iræ?*" How would a "generous, courageous, devotional" woman in merciless mood turn my admiration into black envy, making it an inexhaustible well of resignation, and finally myself a martyr of indomitable Fate? And what is my crime, after all? Did I ever intimate that the smell of Miss B.'s faded flowers could prove a previous notice of her authorship? I never meant to say so. I must badly have expressed myself to make Miss K. believe it. I have logically tried to analyse all the laurels of Miss B.'s Essay, and invariably finding re-incarnation and materialistic evolutionism—with their consequences—at the bottom, I have, with good, stern, rational arguments tried to show their inadmissibility.

Miss K. thinks I ought to have compared Miss B.'s own doctrines with Mr. Rivail's "*bogus*," to find the great differences. How could this be expected when I only had to do with an Essay, in which I certainly met the cardinal idea of Veuillot—Rivail, Mr. Veuillot's, who contemplated to destroy Spiritualism in France, as nauseous to Romanism, Rivail's, who tried to extinguish Christianity by a shaky theory of infallible, stupid, spiritist Shakerism. Miss K.'s demand is like that of jolly B.P.I., who expects in my brief review of a short Essay to find a complete, systematical doctrine of truth expanded to his, or her comprehension. Why did Miss B. translate Rivail's books if she found fault with them? Does she not in the main indorse his nauseous doctrines of pre-existence and of Spiritual particles of the Divine Infinite, occasionally materialised in finite bodies of other people's children? Her re-touching or overdaubing some of the hideous parts of his picture does not alter the original deformity. The principles being altogether absurd, what need is there of running into particulars? The individual mind, which has built itself a nest of such "*bosch*," may, notwithstanding, have superior qualities. I leave it alone, and speak only about the unhealthy tract, in which the soul has taken her migratory "*habitat*." The souls themselves of the innocent victims of the spurious authority of vain leaders, may often be soft, charming, elastic, progressive and harmless. I never would venture to inculcate those, whose orbit, and whose place and station in it, are unknown to me. I only try to disinfect and dispel the mephitic miasma of false doctrines, to avert and mitigate the diseases, of which they are the germs.

The doctrines of which the two female friends make a ready profession—the schools of French Spiritism—are now, as B.P.I. tells, fast spreading over the whole globe, even in rational England. If by close inspection they are found out to be deleterious as to Spiritual light; desolatory, as to the ideals of the mind;

erroneous and misleading in faith and life, and impediments in the way to truth ; there, of course, is no *devotion* in nursing them, no *generosity* in spreading the infection, no *heroism* in valiantly defending them, just as the fanatical supporters of the vaccine-poison are doing in spreading the germs of corrupting infection. I would not spoil laurels, but I feel it incumbent on me to destroy spores of insidiously poisoning plants and insects. The aspect, nevertheless, is not quite so desolate as B. P. describes it. I asked Dr. Slade, a most unobjectionable witness, as to the state of Spiritualism in the United States, whether Spiritism there was so fast spreading as B. P. tells. His answer was : " Since 16 years I have been closely watching the movement in my country. I found Spiritualism victoriously prevailing in all and every part of the States, but I never did meet a single adherent of the Allen Kardec doctrine professing re-incarnation." The vain boasting of the Spiritists is thus like that of the Ultramontanes or Jesuits, who think that Popery soon will be universally accepted. In England there may be some danger of the boast being partially realised—if you look at the cloudy atmosphere, which there now intercepts Spiritual light. Miss K. calling the doctrines " grand," which only are confused outlines of distorted mythical figures, is rather confirming the fact that the *conscious* cerebation of the Evolutionists and Re-incarnationists is another edition of the *unconscious* cerebation of other queer sciolists.

I am inclined to look leniently at Miss B.'s and my benevolent antagonist's apostatic insinuations about Judaic Christianity, and the vain assumptions Materialism is thought happily to have destroyed. In a country where a distorted, perverted nominal Christianity, since more than a thousand years generally prevailed, which only emerged recently, and partially, from a period of absurd Solifidian fanaticism, in which the great champions of faith felt entitled, as representatives of sundry equally deluded churches of all denominations, to say, or to think : " If I meet a man who doesn't profess as I do, I spit upon him, I knock him down and I tell him he is a liar ;" in a country, where those, who are at the head of the so-called Christians, are far from suspecting that the Lord's warning : " do not believe when they say, lo, Christ is here! or He is there, that I am among them," *prima facie* is applicable to them, it is no wonder, I say, that in such an extravagantly conceited country numbers of them, who naturally were endowed with some unprejudiced intelligence, looked suspiciously and sceptically on the indigestible "*moles*" of dogmas, from which a voice came boastingly shouting, " Here, and nowhere else, is true Christianity." It is no wonder that such apostatic, so-called infidels, unconscious of the germs of true Christianity, of reason and common sense, which were hidden in the recesses of their hearts, and ignorant of spiritual truth, mistook perverted, distorted Christianity to be what it falsely pretended to be, and abhorred it. Such is the mistake of the Femrbachs, the Rénans, the Drechsels, the Darwins and Wallaces, of the Rationalists and Materialists, and also of the ladies, who, from persuasive admiration, follow the track of ignorant science. They do not know better, and they will persevere in their Naturalism, Secularism, Positivism, until they are aware of life and truth, not according to their passing fancy, but according to the spirit, whose exigencies they for a time overlook.

This state of resigned bereavement cannot but prevail in all countries where Christianity itself has been extinguished, and only nominally has continued to be the official religion. In England its natural progress to Atheism, Nihilism, and Communism has been checked by the remnants of natural rationality. Thence Christianity, while extinct in the external communities, continues to germ and to live in the internals of the heart, in the respect for honesty and fair dealing, and it comes to pass that Englishmen of the right sort either confine themselves to hidden unconscious religion, rejecting the nominal Christian faith, or that they have two religions, the one for the Sundays, the other for the work-days, and for real life. We see in this but the fulfilling of the Lord's words about the destruction of the old Apostolic Church, in which stupid theology prognosticated the destruction of the visible world. The Clergy, Pope, and Jesuits, are leading their sheep to stupid ignorance, just as much as continental and British Solifidianism did so. It is no wonder that

frivolity and Libertinism engendered anarchy and revolution, and that science degenerated into Materialism, into rejection of the Word, Naturalism, Evolutionism, and even into Atheism. The difference between true Christian religion and degenerated faith did not occur to these negatively sceptical people. How could they appreciate what they were ignorant of? From good breeding and inheritance, from education and reflection, from experience and interior disposition and feeling, they are in possession of remnants of natural good, and longing for some corresponding natural truth; they indulge in sundry theories and imaginations, which most all have nature and her exploration for their object. They even are ready to admire the unknown Deity in the wonders of nature. In not attending to the Lord's words (Luke v. 31, 32) "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," they think that the Redeemer and the Gospel are superfluous; and, as to God, they are inclined to say with Laplace: "We can explain all without this hypothesis." They feel whole, and go boldly on, because, as yet, they have no experience of life in its strife for spiritual (or divine and eternal) good and truth. They, as yet, feel neither that hunger, nor that thirst, of which the Lord speaks in the Sermon on the Mount, which they, ignorant of the Divine mission of Christ, consider and analyse just as the London papers as yet generally look on Spiritualism, or as Plinius and Tacitus, following the example of Pilate, report what was going on in Judæa. For some of those unbelievers the time may come, even in this life, when the collisions between the external and internal—between what is spiritual or natural, and between love and self-love, will set in upon them like the agitated waves on the unprotected shore, and the divine tidings may then come to them to reveal to them the unknown nameless God, they, like the Althenians, adore. We ought thus not to grumble at them nor blame them, because their time not yet is come. Spiritualism has something to do with the waves of light and life, which then will be setting in upon them. But then, alas! comes shallow Spiritism, trying to paralyse the influence of truth and life, and to interpose its shoals and reefs between those who want rest and the harbour. The power of life, which has to remove these shoals, must come to them through the internals of their own heart. Our preaching is only an accidental concomitant stimulus. When false doctrines and misleading messages obscure the sight, and destroy the beacons and the lights, we may give notice of the danger and try to avert it. That's all we can do, and what I have been trying to do.

I am thus not at all inclined to stop the frolic sports of the ladies, who, ignorant of the troubles of life, like children, are playing on nature's far extending grounds and lawns, now picking flowers, binding wreaths and garlands, now running after butterflies, and even sometimes are stumbling into nettles and old rubbish. Let them have it until their time arrives with its grave appeals. May they go on playing as long as they can. But let us be aware of serious dangers, of poisonous herbs and insects, and guide their eyes to save themselves.

Now allow me, as an answer to Miss K.'s griefs against me, to say a few words about the forms and the essence, the character, the call, and the destiny of the female sex as constitutionally different from the male sex. I am myself very anxious not to make any essential mistake, or to indorse prevailing errors as to the presumed unalterable distinction. We all of us ought, unexceptionally, to know that males and females, like all physical beings, are generated on and from the platform of nature; but that the creative power, by universal spiritual influence, works out the natural animal germ into a human form. The spiritual power, working in and through nature, is not the nascent human being itself, nor does that source of life identify itself, beyond appearances, with it; but the internal creative power makes it an organic, receptive form, which is able, and called, to appropriate to itself the influent spiritual life; and finally, through liberty and reason, has to develop itself as an individual personality. Thus females, like males, are created as images of God, or of the inflowing spiritual life, in the likeness of the source of life. Both have to appropriate to themselves that life, either by knowing and feeling that it really is God's life in them, or by assuming it to be their *own* life, making it part of their "*proprium*," of their selfhood. Abiding in this appearance, and believing the inflowing life itself to

be their own, they are sure to go wrong; but appropriating to themselves the appearance as such, with the consciousness and feeling that it is from God, and man only the receptive form, all is right.

As it is the aim of the Infinite, from a finite natural platform to develop such forms of reception of divine life, in which the ideal Infinite finds its eternal abode, I freely state my opinion that the male sex has a priority in this creation, and is the basis of the temple of humanity, which is to be developed from the natural platform. But is this a preference and a precedence? Not at all. Man, generally, is generated and created as a part of that finite natural platform, which not only essentially is different from the Infinite, but is created in a line of *antithesis*, opposed to the Divine ideal substances in God, the only Infinite. This negativity of the Finite in nature, in which man is born, makes the whole creation to be essentially different from God, to be *other* than God, nay, naturally opposed to the Divine, just as the Finite is opposed to the Infinite, darkness to light, self-love to love. God animates nature, though he neither is part of nature, nor in space or time, or in the categories into which the external material world is created. In this antithesis of divine realities, or of the ideals in God, thus in the nothingness of matter, man, and *prima facie* the male recipient intelligence, is ultimated for the purpose of being made spiritual by receiving the divine reality. There is thus no preference in being born at the extremity of a contrasting ultimation, to be a substratum on which divine action is directed, fixed and arrested. In relation to real divine love, or to the essence in God, its antithesis is self-love, on which ideal love is working and acting, spiritualizing it, and making it a receptacle of the realities in divine life. If this reception were made personal in its totality in one human form, this human being would infallibly feel itself in its state of antithesis—in its selfhood—to be divine; man would then confound his proper life with the ideal life, which in him is ultimated; he, infallibly, would stumble into the error of mistaking the effect in himself to be the cause of life. Such illusion of being the divine ideal itself which only lives in man, would lead to unavoidable spiritual destruction. Man would lose his deep feeling of all good coming from above, and thus also the gratitude to God, which is the beginning of that love from another being than the Infinite itself, which is the very effect and object divine love is longing for, and which is the aim of creation.

The necessary condition, the *sine quâ non* of providing against such unavoidable destruction, was, and is the division of human nature in *two sexes*. The possibility of love being slumbering in the hidden internals of the male sex, in order first of all to revive the ideal forms in its intellect, the Creator in His wisdom has made man, or the male sex, the organ of rationality, implanting in it a longing for knowledge and science, in order to satisfy the practical wants of realising the intellectually received ideals. But in order to avoid the annihilation of spiritual life by self-love the Creator has separated from the male sex the principle of love and its enjoyment, conferring it on the female sex, which thus became the organ or medium of love, longing for appropriating to itself the intellectual form of truth and wisdom in man, and thus for restoring that union of love with its corresponding form of intellect, or with wisdom, which in God is primordial and perfect. Without such union, or *reunion* through love, man would indulge in faith to himself instead of in faith in God, and, taking the effect as being the cause, he would believe life in all its forms to be his own. You see an example of this illusion inrooting itself in man's mind, in modern Materialism, Naturalism, Evolutionism, in Spiritism and in Science, Spiritualism being an externally-administered remedy. Practically you see the perversity realised in the revolutionary tendency of sundry parties of Nationalists, Socialists, Communists, &c., imbued with that science, who all of them believe only in themselves, and in their own prudence. We see it mythically prognosticated in the fiction of a primordial rebellion of Lucifer, or of the spirits confident in their own pride; even also in the sin of Adam, falsely appropriating himself the fruits of the tree of life; and you see this corruption of mankind and its destiny described in the Gospel, the destruction of humanity, or of the church in its principles of love and faith, being by the corrupting hierarchy taught to be a destruction of the physical world.

To prepare for the restoration from such unavoidable states of corruption the rational mind is separated in man from his will, so that he can by his reason elevate his mind to divine ideality, abstracting his intelligence from his will and feeling. Man can abide in his self-love, working out what is in him of knowledge, science and perception, in the service of his ownhood (proprium) in all branches of art and reflection, or of external, practical life; or he can, by the reception of spiritual truth in its rational organ, resolve to use his liberty in a right way of reform or spiritual regeneration. To assist him in the practical outworking of the ideals, in life, nay, to make such development possible, woman, or the female sex was created, separate from the male element, in the form of an organ of that love, which, if living in man and revolving in its reception upon itself, would turn every ray of spiritual life into self-love, make it subservient in man to his ownhood and thus ultimate itself in the opposite line, in which man naturally is created, and thus realise the antithesis of love. Love has thus its proper organ and seat of developing life, in woman, just as the rational faculty is seated in man. Only through, and from the fair sex, love is originally radiating into the soul of man, the love of the sex in his mere natural mind leading him to admire and desire. Abstract from this addition of a new sensuous element to man's selfhood, which is at the bottom of his finite essence, man would say: "What is love to me? I don't perceive its reality, I have my work to do, my business to attend to; love is the other sex's affair; I have nothing to do with it; my natural desires are only a branch of my love of self, which makes woman an object and means of my satisfaction." In this state of darkness and cold of self-love, or of its mere natural heat, the luminaries of ideal love are shedding their radiance into the dry, cold, empty mind of mere rational intellect, joining their lustre of beauty, affection and everlasting bliss to the abstract forms of intellectual life according to the various states of man's mind.

From nature every female soul has a real, loving, connubial principle in her heart, and this love is satisfied by the idea of union with a correspondent partner, now, or once. True to her feelings she has the faculty and power to elevate her love to the highest spheres of spiritual good, perceiving its form in the wisdom of the male mind and intellect, just as man can elevate his mind rationally to the sphere of spiritual truth. Her sight of reason is equal to that of man, but never abstractedly from her feeling. Her judgment is depending on her love. As man with his rational sight can descend into the sensuous and external, into the material and natural sphere according to his self-love, so woman also can descend with her love and join man in all the lower degrees of his intellectual manhood to "*Stat pro ratio ne voluntas.*"

The male sex may, in its way of corruption, generally, have arrived at the lower sphere of mere selfhood, while the female sex, true to its noble call, turns away from the male frailty, and is repugnantly impressed as to the other sex's prevailing insanity. It is no wonder that it then despises the male sex, and tries to cultivate the neglected ideals in her own female way. Thence arise the phenomena of such separation from the line of the corrupted sex, which has made itself unable to receive the influx of true, ideal love. Woman then naturally turns to isolated lines of worship of the unknown celestial realities, even to nunnery, an easy prey to Jesuits and the priest; or she devotes herself to works of humanity, of nursing the sick and the wounded on battlefields or in the hospitals. In the isolation of the misunderstood love-principle the question of emancipation from the encroachments of the evil sex, even of free love and other creations of female imagination are produced, and find their justification in the deplorable shortcomings of the male sex in our generation. Women often, with success, throw themselves into Fine Arts and Letters; but often, with despair, into inordinate passions and habits, and, alas, even—into the river.

By my struggle for the female sex, or its love-principle, super-eminence over the male form, I have come into a fearful collision with some of the representatives of that sex. If there were a *cour d'amour* in this country, before which I had to appear, I think I might safely plead "not guilty."

C. DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD.

THE WHITE LADY OF BERLIN.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In my book, *A Journey Due East*, 1864, I mentioned this subject,—and the following statement recently appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, No. 96, N.S., p. 635-6, under the head of "Table Talk."

"From a lady at the Palace of Berlin, came a telegram to Count Bismarck announcing that her *femme-de-chambre* had been seized with hysterics on the anniversary of the first victory gained by the Prussians over the French in the late War. On traversing the long gallery at the Palace at midnight, the *femme-de-chambre* heard the clattering of high heels and the tapping walking stick of the Little White Woman, whose appearance announces a death or a misfortune to Royalty." The maid's mistress applied to Bismarck who caused the latter to be sent at once to a lunatic asylum. "It is alleged that this apparition has been seen thrice since, prior to May, 1876, viz., in October, 1872, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; again in the spring of 1873, to announce the death of Prince Adalbert; and again in October, 1873, when Queen Elizabeth of Prussia lay on her death-bed." It is stated that "many years ago, a Hohenzollern Princess—a widow with two children—desired much to marry a foreign prince, but he declined her offer, alleging as his reason 'that two pair of eyes'—referring to his aged parents—prevented him. This reason she misunderstood and killed her two children to remove the difficulty, as she thought; but upon finding out her mistake she died of remorse for the act." The legend is that her apparition appears at intervals to announce a Royal death, in the house of Hohenzollern. I believe that the story is mentioned in one of Baedeker's Guide Books with particulars. In Murray's *Handbook*, she is named the Countess of Orlamunda. The subject is discussed philosophically, by Karl Blind, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, No. 97, N.S., p. 763-6.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,

London, 13th Oct., 1876.

CHR. COOKE.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF SPIRIT.

WE live in weariness and pain,
In doubt and dread of what may
be;
On the parched soul no gracious rain,
No gentle dew falls tenderly.
The very heavens seem as brass,
The moon glares with cold stony
eye;
Our scanty joys, like summer-grass
'Neath blazing sun, all withered lie!
And in our heart we hide the shame
Of secret grief we dare not own;
Within us burns a lurid flame,
Before unto the farthest zone,
A trackless arid waste of sand,
In which no oasis we descry:
Girt round as with an iron band
Of law-determined destiny:—

The gods—if gods indeed there be—
Seem to have made us for their sport;
And mock our struggle to be free,
When in some web our feet are
caught.
Wherefore have men in solemn mood
Built altars and made sacrifice,
With savage rite,—offering of blood,
To stay avenging deities?
Is it the human heart has thrown
The shadow of its fearful guilt
Into the dreaded dim unknown;
And with the awful phantom
dwelt;
A haunting terror ever near;
A ghostly form we cannot trace;
A chilling clinging creeping fear,
That folds us in its close embrace?